



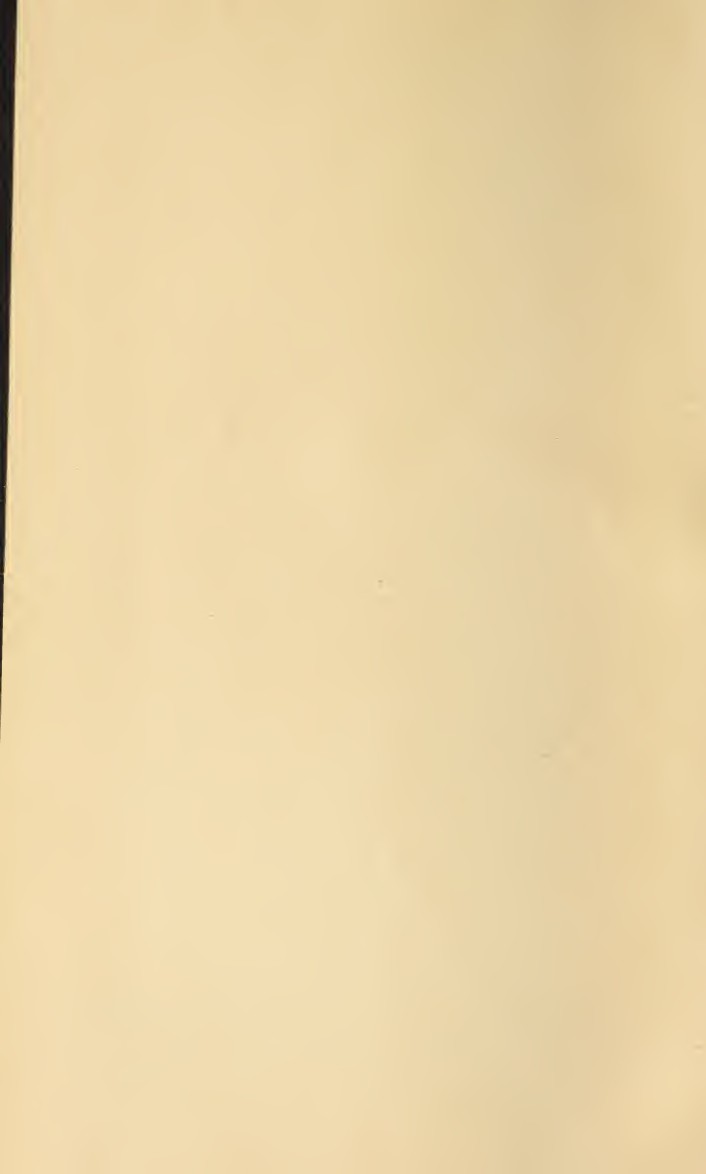


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1807

DOBELL COLLECTION





POEMS,

WRITTEN

AT

LANCHESTER;

BY

JOHN HODGSON, CLERK.

"

*Tu lucem aspicere audes? tu hos intueri? tu in foro, tu in
urbe, tu in civium esse conspectu?—CICERO.*

LONDON:

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PRINTED BY
D. AKENHEAD & SONS.



TO

T. WHITE, SENIOR,

AND

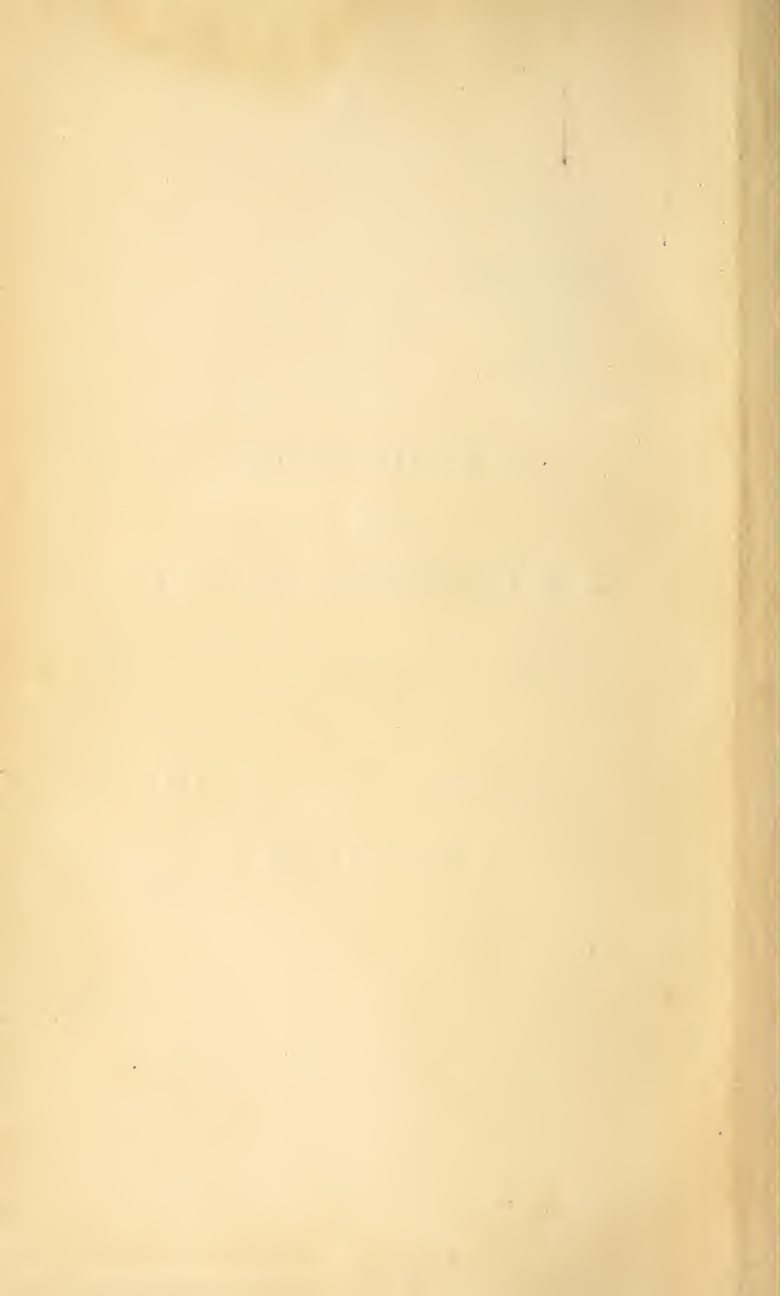
W. T. GREENWELL, ESQUIRES,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

AT a time, when the claim to poetical talent seems no longer to be attributed to innate power, or to any peculiar complexion of the human mind; when the press every day teems with polite and well-finished verse, it may demand an apology to offer to the public a work, trifling and unimportant, as the present volume.

And after I have confessed, it is neither from the flattery or the persuasion of my friends, nor from any confidence in the merit of my own performance, that I send it into the world, I hope I may be credited. To say I am entirely unanxious about its favourable reception, would belie my feelings. Authors of every description must be agitated with some ex-

pectations of the good opinion of their readers; and, if I have any motive for publishing this volume, it certainly originated in a desire to draw myself from obscurity into notice. My scheme may be blameable, and every way unsuccessful. But, when I recollect the pleasure I had in composing these poems, and the hours of sickness and anxiety they have alleviated, I shall never look back with penitence on the time I have bestowed upon them.

During a residence, at Lanchester, of a little more than two years, my time was chiefly occupied in educating the children of the village, and in attending to the duties of an extensive curacy. But my health required some relaxation from professional employment; and that was chiefly sought for in the society and hospitality of the families in the neighbourhood, in wandering into the fields, in botanical recreations, in searching for antiquities about the Roman station, and in occasional attempts at poetry.

WOODLANDS, which has been chosen for the subject of the first poem, is situated near Lancaster, in the county of Durham, and is the estate of Thomas White, Esq. Prior to the year 1777, it was a wild heath. For improvements in it, according to the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., Mr White received their gold medal ten times, and their silver medal once. The following description of it previous to its inclosure, is from Mr White's own report.

“ The ground of this plot, whilst in a
“ state of nature, was covered over with ling, fern,
“ broom and bad grass, and rushes in the wet places;
“ the high parts of it very bad land, of a channelly
“ quality, and not many inches from a grit stone rock:
“ lower down the hills, the land is of a better quality,
“ affording a tolerable depth of soil, but was then
“ very cold and swampy, for want of draining. The
“ features of this inclosure are rather gentle than
“ bold, inclining from the north and south, down to

“ a narrow valley in the middle, which continues from
“ east to west, through the adjacent country; over
“ which a small but petulant trout stream wantonly
“ meandered in so many ridiculous mazes, as choaked
“ its own progress, and rendered the whole of this
“ small valley, containing about eleven acres, of my
“ best and most sheltered land, almost useless.”—
Transact. of the Soc. of Arts &c. vol. 5. p. 10.

On the second poem, the notes I have given supersede the necessity of any explanation in my preface; and the pieces, I have ventured to call odes, are, perhaps, more in want of a sufficient apology for their insertion, than of a history of their composition.

GATESHEAD,
June, 1807.

WOODLANDS, A POEM.

— Aliam atque aliam culturam dulcis agelli
Tentabant; fructusque feros mansuescere terra
Cernebant indulgendo, blandeque colundo.

LUCRET.



WOODLANDS.

O THOU, who scatter'st, over weary heads,
Sweet drops of mercy, and the dews of rest,
Is there, O Sleep, some island of delight;
Some paradise of never-fading green,
Where thou and health upon the silver ways
Of moonlight walk? Thy aid, alas! in vain
With sighs and supplications have I sought.
A thousand awful recollections fill
My soul. Horrors ideal and the guilt
Of many a crime, unblotted out in heaven,
With starts convulsive stretch my painful eyes.
Love, Hope, Despair and Grief; faint gleams of joy;
Futurity and Fear, on sable wings,
A dread assembly, hover round my bed.

O Sleep, again, thou partial goddess, hear
Thy vot'ry's prayer. I never made the night
Reecho with the shrieks and groans of death,
And yet the murderer sleeps. E'en in thy arms
The houseless beggar throws his crippled limbs,
And smiles. But let the wretch be happy. Me
Poetic thoughts; the handy works of God,
Shall exercise. Of wilds to gardens turned;
And hills storm-beaten waving now with pine;
Or clad in gold or grazed by harmless sheep,
Midst nature's war, distressed, I rise to sing.

Sleep on rough world: thy many million sons,
That all day long have tugged the dashing oar;
Guided the plowshare through the stubborn glebe;
Endured the forge's heat; the tyrant's frown;
And all the sad servility of toil:
They ask no opiates to secure their rest;
They never bend the suppliant knee to sleep;
But close their eye, as closing evening comes;

All night are happy; and at morning rise,
Cheerful as does the harbinger of day.

But in this elemental strife; this war
Of Nature's children, who shall tune the lyre? .
While the loud blast, with yells and hollow groan,
Stops at short intervals to shake my roof;
While the thick clouds, in many a lurid form,
Roll heavily along, and yon pale orb,
Flashing and starting from their hilly folds,
Wanders in fearful hurry to the west;
While Rudeness thus usurps the reign of night,
How shall I sing of little, spangling stars;
Of Night's composure, and the silent Hours
That pour their stillness o'er the anxious soul,
And favour rest? How shall I paint the mead,
Encircled round with hawthorn, blooming fair,
And strewn with buttercups, that steal their hues
From amber rivers of the opening day?
Or make my visit to some shelter'd copse,

Where, in the mild and sunny noons of spring,
Blushes the primrose, and the daisy shews
Its modest orb, hung round with carmine fringe?

But contrast teaches us the worth of things,
And sets a double relish on the joys,
That stand in sight of danger or of pain.
Hence the strange pleasure, that we feel, when wind,
Seize on the billows by their angry brows,
And huge ships drive around, like autumn leaves :
Hence the lone herdsman, while he hears the din
Of distant battle clang upon his ear,
Safe, from his craggy eminence, beholds,
With pleasing horror, Havoc at his work.

Then, while depression sits upon my soul,
And tempest revels through the troubled air,
I'll send Imagination forth to play
With woods, and cultur'd fields, and lawns ;
With warbling birds, and Flora's lowly tribe ;

And tell, O WHITE, how thy industrious hand
Drove startled Barrenness from all her rights
Of old possession ; and morasses deep,
And wind-swept hills, in verdure such adorned,
As clothes the meadows of some antient stream.

And while, in thought, I tread these alleys green,
With all the seasons of the changing year,
And sing thy charms, Retirement, and the charms
Of social joy, ne'er let my song be called,
The coward offering of a venal mind.
Because I cannot write immortal verse,
I shall not therefore bolster up my head,
With ease inglorious, and a prey become
To misery, that indolence creates.
Let guilt be gulled with mercenary praise,
And charioted in pomp, be rolled along
Through gazing streets. Let Wonder, idiot-like,
In memory-assaulting language, tell,
E'en to the vallies lodging in the skies,

Of statesmen, toiling at the helm of power ;
Of brawling patriots, and the warrior chiefs,
Whose souls in anger rushed through staring wounds,
And flew, all bloody, to the gates of heaven :
My song shall be of him, whose labour taught
A wilderness to smile ; who claims no praise
From warlike deeds, but bread procures for man.
O ! could my efforts bid his memory live,
I'd fix, indelible, as are the hues
Of laurel or yon azure arch, his name
Upon the rolls of time : that, should the arm
Of order cease to press on Faction's chains,
And that dire monster, reassuming all
His horrid strength, o'er city, grove and seat
Of rural quiet, like a comet pass,
Shaking his burning hair and firing all ;—
Should tasteless opulence, or freakish mode,
Cut into patches of fantastic form,
This beautiful economy of fields and trees,
Which seems the happy work of nature's hand ;

E'en then some mind, enamoured of the charms
Of rural elegance and bold design,
Our hills and vallies might again invest
In all the fair variety of wood,
And happy cottage, mead and cultur'd fields.

Not thirty suns have yet, in annual round,
Gone to yon starry pastures, where the goat
Eternal habitation holds, and, muffling up
The face of morning with a lowering veil,
Down from the gushing cat'racts of the sky
Pours his dark torrent, since no hedge or tree;
Nothing but heath, agrostis,* hardy plant;
And rush, delighting in the foulest swamps,
Covered the spot, which now employs my song.
It was a dreary scene, where oft at night
Th' unsteady glare, that mocks the traveller's eye
Shot gleaming round. Here sailed the hawk, and here

B

* Bent-grass.

Screamed the shrill glead, and plied her stormy song
The curlew. Tenant of the poorest soils,
The tedious lapwing, too, her tumbling flights
Performed; and, basking on the sunny banks,
The beauteous adder coiled his shining length.
Browsing on sapless heath, a shepherd's care,
By day a scanty maintenance procured;
And, as approaching twilight threw its shades
Of dimness o'er the world, in regular march,
Sought out the sheltering corner of some hill,
And, grouped together, laid in harmless sleep.
Here too, in Leo's sultry reign, and while
The hot and ruddy virgin ruled the year,
The toiling sportsman ranged. But now, no more
The curlew or the lapwing's voice is heard;
No bleating of a hungry flock at eve;
No roar of guns t' affright the jocund lark,
Or stop the blackbird's song: the fearful grouse
Have fled to hills, defying culture's art,
And rudely pushed into inclement skies.

And, rushing now on fancy's airy mind,
Methinks I see fair Culture leading forth
The sons of Labour to these barren lands.
As on they move, Sterility alarmed,
In yelling terror, quits her heathy throne.
And, as an eagle, when a shepherd tries
To scale its eyry and destroy its young,
Rises and plunges, with distracted haste,
The hungry demon rages, flies, and falls.
With hope and fear, alternately possessed,
She sails away, then reassumes her seat.
But see! 'tis done. The blazing faggot lights
Her purple glory, and she takes her way
To mountains, brushed by surlier winds, and where,
Associate with the Genius of the storm,
Midst clouds and naked rocks, she sits,
Like exil'd majesty, in sullen pride.

Then, hail, sweet, alter'd spot! hail in the robes
Of early spring! I feel my soul refreshed;

My spirits gladdened, while I send abroad
Imagination to thy flowery fields.
I see thee not, indeed, in cheerful trim ;
But, torn and ruffled by the winter's rage,
All sad and beauteous, like a mourning bride.
Now streams of night, and now a lustrous flood
Of liquid gold, diffusive, roll along
The sable garments of the Scotian fir.
Showers of destructive hail still vex the sky,
And winds inclement, on the naked boughs
Of elm and oak, discordant music play.

But, lo ! majestic, on his annual orb,
The prince of light advances to the ram,
Proud of his jewell'd horns ; and stealing out,
From all the western chambers of the sky,
In countless swarms, the race of zephyrs come.
'Their genial breath imbues the humid plains
With verdure, and to life the flowery tribe
Woos gently. But, alas ! the furious god,

Whose palace is behind yon restless fires,
Which terrify the night, may yet distend
His lungs of ice, and drive the tender throng
Back to their odorous gardens. Dipt in blood
And streaked with inky lines, o'er morning's face
A veil may flutter; and the flower, that spread
Its joyous petals to the noon-day sun,
At evening's close, may fold them up in death.

But, when the year has reached the beamy star,
Resplendent in the bull's forbidding front,
Again the lightsome messengers of health,
On wings, invisible to mortal eye,
Like infant angels, from the charming west,
Shall come, and, o'er the virgin's sickly cheek,
Fresh crimson lay. Then, from her father's arms
The blooming Genius of the spring shall leap,
And round her loins a radiant mantle bind:
While Cheerfulness, a nymph of sprightliest eye,
Wakes the wild language of her golden harp,

And loads the listning habitants of air
With sounds of sweet confusion. Pleasure, too,
Half-rob'd and lifting high her tambourine,
Shall wanton forth : suspended in the air,
The whirling instrument shall seem to hang,
While the fair actress, at extended arm,
With graceful ease, its gingling circle thrums.

Now Flora, loveliest of the train of spring,
Her temples wreathed with many a blushing flower
And loose robe floating on the sunny light,
Calls out her children from the sleep of death
The humble speedwells, with cerulian eye,
And deep-ting'd violet, with fragrant breath,
Adorn the shade : scattered o'er ev'ry mead,
The golden spangles of the pilewort glow ;
And, through the leafless woods, th' anemone,
And fair oxalis, like yon world of stars,
That croud the galaxy, serenely smile.

Meek offspring of the earth, your fragrance breathe
O'er hill and dale! In all your mingled hues,
Burst from your seeds and little folded buds!
O'er you, as well as man, th' Almighty's eye
Watches forever; and the lily's bell
Is still as white, as beautiful, as sweet,
As in the morning, when the obedient earth
Heard the Creator's mandate, and ye sprang,
Seed-yielding herbs, tall trees, and grassy blades,
All-jocund into life. How many hours
Of sweet society I found with you,
When grief and sickness every evening drew
The wings of Misery above my head!
And (hardiness may laugh) but I have thought,
'Twas cruelty to pluck you in the bloom
Of life, and implicate your bleeding stems,
E'en though to make a garland for the brow
Of her I most admire. With you I claim
A mortal kindred; for like me to death
Obnoxious are you all. But then, alas!

My death is passage to an awful state,
In which no change of circumstance can be.
A grain of wheat, committed to the earth,
Produces wheat, consimular to itself;
And souls their moral likeness still shall keep—
Be rude and restless in the world to come,
Or, blessing others, happy in themselves.

In this sweet season, while the herald lark
Wakes up the rosy hours, and morning throws
Thin robes of crimson o'er her cloudy walls,
And leisurely unfolds the gates of day,
Cool breezes wanton o'er the dewy hills,
And murmuring waters, and the rustling sounds
Of leaves, in sweet admixture, float along
With breath of op'ning flowers. The turtle's tale
Steals in sad charms into its partner's nest;
And joy excessive, from the blackbird's throat,
In harmony unmeditated flows
To cheer his brooding mate. Perched on a pine,

New gilded with the beams of orient day,
The thrush incessant plies his am'rous song.
Each zephyr on its wing delighted bears
The short, but merry, descants of the wren ;
And ev'ry tree is vocal with the notes
Of universal love. No rules of art
Check the luxuriance of the linnet's glee,
Or stop the finch's carol. As they feel
The tender passion flutt'ring through their veins,
They wake to rapture, and, with keen delight,
Catch inspiration from each other's eye,
And pour a wild song on the passing gale.

O time of love ! of unabated bliss !
Why dost thou travel, with such envious haste,
To wed with summer and despoil thy cheek
Of virgin bloom ? Thy way is strewn with flowers,
And, least the flinty earth thy beauteous feet
Should bruise, a grassy carpet over-spreads
Its bosom. Down thy polished shoulders play

Ringlets of unshorn locks, and not a hand
Has dared to rend thy vesture. Stop, O, stop,
Thou genial season! Nay thy speed increase:
Go as thou wilt, for summer's ardent heat,
And winter, dreary with his frozen nights,
Alike inflame the human breast. No change
Of season can our bosoms cool. The shears
Of time may clip the tender wings of love,
And age may scatter o'er our furrow'd brows
His hoary ashes; but, as long as life
Pours its warm current through the heart of man,
Some throbs of tenderness shall there be felt.

Yonder the husbandman to toil goes forth,
Cheerful as morning. Where the supple larch
Bends o'er the thorny hedges to appease
The wrath of tempest, and adorn the fields,
The forceful share moves slowly through the land.
The careful sower next, with measur'd step,
Swinging his arm, consigns the hopeful seed

Unto the humid bosom of the earth;
And then the iron-bearded harrow comes
The grain to bury, and to smooth the soil.
Another view presents a labourer stout,
With shining mattock, raising from the ground
The plough's obstructions; while, of duller eye,
His creaking vehicle, a carter loads
With fragments of misshapen stones. Like one,
That muses on the frailty of life,
With downcast look, and full of serious thought,
A hoary woodman, as he leaves his cot,
Imprints the meadows with his early steps.
Catching the breathings of the soft-limb'd youth,
Whose mansion lies beneath the middle course
Of the descending sun, a shepherd boy
Watches the antic gambols of the lamb,
Or, with his flute, in many-vary'd notes
Calls on the slumb'ring echoes of the woods.

Oh! Custom, inmate of the coldest breasts!
Oh! frozen power, that nipp'st the tender buds,
And rudely pluck'st away the op'ning blooms
That grace the stems of genius and of art—
Oh! how I hate thy earthy, grov'ling mind;
Thy niggard precepts and thy narrow soul!
Thou bind'st an iron manacle around
Our hands, and set'st us in the stocks of time.
Thy votaries still are wretched, abject slaves
To all the fears, the silly spells and charms,
That Craft and Ignorance ever laid on man.
Where are thy arts? By savage instinct given?
The bee, the beaver, ev'ry herding brute
Can form some shelter from inclement winds,
And make provision for a future storm.
But we have crushed thy monarchy; expelled
Thy low delusions from our favour'd isle;
And see fair Science humanizing man.
Arts flourish, and the hand of Culture spreads
Profusion o'er our long-neglected lands.

Charmed with the blaze of truth, th' enlighten'd son
Thinks it no crime, no trespass on the law
Of nature or the bands of filial love,
T' apostatize the errors of his sire.
Free, as we are, we cannot bear thy yoke.
Our bodies liberty we still could boast,
And brag of legislation to the world;
But what availed our equity of laws,
Our liberty, our strength, and all
Our matchless policy, while thy bad power
Held us thy captives in a willing chain,
And bound us down to prejudice, that cramps
Each mental faculty and mars all good?
Where thou art found, Barbarity resides;
Fell Superstition holds her mystic court;
And men are ignorant and fields untilld.

Once more the sunny morning to enjoy,
To drink the healthful breeze, and hear the song
Of birds, sweet-warbled from each budding spray,

E'en Age and Sickness leave their painful beds.
See! from that whiten'd cottage, on whose roof
O'erhanging woods their trembling shadows wave,
And where the babb'ling rill, meandering, flows
To irrigate a garden, covered thick
With embryo forests, tott'ring as she walks,
A widow comes. Her feeble arm a staff
Smooth-worn supports. Cautious and slow, she takes
Her way along the winding avenues
Of pine. The cherub offspring of her son,
Playful as kids, and lively as the morn,
Gambol before her, and with childish zeal
Crop the wild daisy or the woodruff's wheel;
And, often, as they fill their little hands,
Return to lay the treasure at her feet.
Joy unalloy'd is not the lot of man;
But they, whom children with a smile ne'er blessed,
Have never felt th' anxieties and grief,
That fill a parent's breast. Yon matron meek,
With patient care, was leading on to heaven

A num'rous family. Mysterious FATE!
We bow submissive to thy righteous will;
But cannot shut the fountains of our grief,
When they, whom nature, with a cord of love,
Has bound upon our bosoms, lay them down
To sleep within the chilly arms of death.
E'en in the op'ning blossom of their years,
While on their brows the dignity of man
Its seat was forming, and their tresses bright,
In ringlets loose, upon their shoulders flowed,
A ling'ring malady their bodies seized,
And all, but one, were carried to the grave.
"Is virtue thus rewarded—this the lot
Of beings born with countenance erect?
"Why were my sons," she cried, "ordained to breathe
This vap'rous air; to crawl a little while
"Twixt heaven and earth, and then dissolve away?"
But time has plumed his wings with happier days.
The placid evening of her life is spent
In preparation for a world to come.

No superstitious fears alarm her soul;
No nightly phantoms hover round her bed;
But, half an angel, all her thoughts are fixed
On heaven's redeeming love, and future bliss.

Spread, like a mantle, o'er yon sloping hills
The forest now appears. It feels the vernal lymph
Ascending its innumerable veins,
And, pleased, its dappled liv'ry reassumes.
For commerce or for war in future days,
Of slow maturity, the sapling oak
Unfolds his princely honors; and the lime
Weds his young branches to the shady beech.
Clust'ring and dark, the Caledonian fir
Puts on a brighter hue. The lofty spruce,
That on Norwegian hills, by twilight seems
A sable pyramid of dizzy height,
Extends the branches of his gradual wheels,
And throws his length'ning spears into the sky.
The larch, fair native of the towering heights,

Whence storm-fed Po, impatient down the brows
Of Viso, comes to kiss the blooming flowers
Of Parma's pastures, like some beauteous maid
At Hymen's altar, bends with graceful boughs.
Its robe is bridal, set with dangling flowers,
Of which the yellow male affords a dust,
That, by the zephyr's ministerial hands,
Borne to the purple bride, with joy, insures
Fecundity. And trembling like a hart,
Entangled in a hunter's toil, the poplar shakes
His hoary tresses o'er the murm'ring brook.
Dark alders too, the many-leaved ash;
The supple osier, and the slender birch
Put on the vesture of the youthful year.

The aged groves, that all sublimely wave
Around the venerable seats, where lived,
In antient days, the worthies of our isle,
They are majestic, and the mind fulfil
With awful reverence. Gentler are the joys

That woods, and thorn-defended fields, and lawns,
Fresh in the youthful glories of the spring,
And sounding with the high-tun'd lay, that floats,
From countless tongues, through all the list'ning air,
Infuse into the soul. They bring to mind
The paradise of Moses, and the isles,
Elysian called, in Greek and Roman song.
No parallel, indeed, can here be found
To match with bowers Calabrian, or the groves
Of Otaheite; for art must vainly strive
To bid the cocoa, in our cloudy skies,
Hang out its milky fruit, or olives see
The luscious grape depending from their boughs.
Though blushing peaches grace the sunny walls,
These lands are not the gardens of the sun,
Watered by Ganges or La Plata's stream;
By nature they are sterile, moory soils,
Compounded ill with unadhesive sand,
And laid on aqueous beds of hardest clay.
But nature's wants are well supplied by art.

The rush no longer here exhales the breath
Of stagnant waters. Down their nightly beds,
A thousand streams now silently devolve;
And where the floating leaves of poa,* pressed
The intranslucent bosom of a pool;
Where acid wortle,† with a rosy flower,
And spotted fruit, on beds of sphagna|| grew,
Firm is the earth beneath the horse's hoof,
And vernal-grass and purple trefoil throw,
Their fragrant treasures on the gales of June.

O Mercy, thou, the gentlest child of heaven,
Who sit'st enthroned in yon benign abode,
That now full-orb'd, and then with blunted horns,
O'er all these pines her streams of silver light
Profusely pours—meek goddess, while I walk
This vary'd span of misery and joy,
Still let my soul be open to receive

D 2

* *Poa fluitans*, or Meadow flote-grass. † *Vaccinium oxycoccus*, or Cranberry, || Bog-mosses.

Pleasure from woods, and brooks, and fruitful fields,
Where verdant or where golden seas display
Their billowy wealth, or graze the speckled flocks.
'Tis pride or madness, that despises wealth;
But welcome poverty, if wealth exclude
Th' enjoyment, that I feel in sunny days,
And all the goodly prospects of our isle.
Had I not better be deprived, at once,
Of man's preeminence, the reasoning power,
Than view with apathy the works of God?
But sure, no state of wretchedness there is,
But, Mercy, thou hast poured into its cup
Some drops of balm! some lenitive of woe!

Then you, who love the early walk, who love
To breathe in air, just wafted from the lips
Of ruddy morning, and behold the sun,
Lifting his gradual disk above the earth,
And binding all his cloudy robes with fire;
Come let me lead you through this fairy land,

That fixes Ignorance in stupid gaze,
And charms the amateurs of rural scenes.

Yonder it is; at distance like a field
Of soldiers, marshalled thick in war array,
All o'er whose spears and casques of yellow bronze
Young sunbeams play. But, as we nearer come,
Copses irregular, and flowery fields,
Fast crouding into southern skies present
The mingled riches of green sward and tree.
Wave upon wave they rise, a goodly shew;
While all the pines, saluted by the tribes
Of viewless beings, who at morning come,
From all the purple chambers of the east,
Bow their young heads and bid the travellers hail.

See! from the heaving bosom of that grove,
How modestly the mansion raises up
Its roof of sober blue. No columns there
With capitals, adorned with bending fruit,

Or pilasters, deep buried in the wall,
In stately ranges, stand to warn us thence.
Deep in th' unruffled bosom of the lake
In simple elegance, the front is seen;
And idle columns of convolving smoke,
Like time reverted, into nothing waste.
On southern site, the clumpses of the lawn
Stoop with their heads into yon azure road;
Where, at immeasurable distance, float
The dews, that just before, in trembling drops,
Had hung on blades of grass. The morning's light,
Thrown on the windows with unsteady glare,
Plays on the wave, as on a mirror's breast.
Northward, with ivy fringed, the garden wall
Heaves on its laurel bosom; and o'erhung,
With loftier trees, the rural buildings throw
Their sunny roofs, impendent o'er the sky.

Nor chill with gloom, nor subject to the heat
Of all the solar force, that winding path

Receives us next; for meditative minds
Delightful haunt, whether with blooming spring,
Or Summer lightly clad in Grecian garb,
Or Autumn breathing fast and full of thought,
We love to roam. Here Arethusa's bard
To high-harp'd melody at eve might sing
His pastoral lays; or Sappho's gentle soul
Dissolve in love, as swept her trembling hand
Across the lyre, and Phaon was her song.
Children of soils, that bask beneath a sun,
Fiercer than our's, the laurels here unfold,
To cold December winds their sable fruit,
Enchased in leaves of never-ending green.
When May, with smiles, detains the furious north,
The genii of the west-wind come to so shake
The lilach's snowy tresses; and in sport
To visit the laburnum's costly rills
Of yellow bullion. Stealing from the moon
Its hues, or when she lifts her bloody orb
Above the wave, or rides aloft in air serene,

The senna loosely throws its glories out
To cheer declining summer. Ever famed
In superstition's lore, the mountain-ash
From branches, graceful with their burden, hangs
Its pendent clusters of vermilion fruit.
There spreads the yew his dark, funereal arms;
There waves the slender birch, and willows weep,
Shedding, with silent grief, into the lake,
Their morning tears. This was a barren heath!
But now the sight, in wild'ring pleasure lost,
Wanders o'er roses, o'er the flaunting boughs
Of hawthorns, clasped with woodbine, and the larch,
Frosted with manna and sublimely thrown
Above yon mossy cell, which shuts the view.

In silence and in solitude like this,
When all the busy world was hushed asleep,
Or nothing, but the city's distant noise
Low-murmured on the sullen gales of night,
JESUS, the poor man's friend, the sinner's friend,

Where Kedron babbles through its olive groves,
Unheard by mortal ear, conversed with heaven,
And taught his soul that piety, he taught
The sons of men; and hither might the saint
Or philosophic mind at evening come
To visit nature in her sob'rest mood;
To muse with Contemplation; and t' adore
The wonder-working hand of HIM, who breathed
A reas'ning spirit through the human frame,
And into motion pushed each mighty world.

Thou Sun, to whom so many thousands pay
High adoration, and at morn and eve,
Praise to the language of their prophet's harp,
Shall I behold thy setting orb with fear
And apprehension, such as they must feel,
Who think the wicked, after death, are thrown
To howl for ever on thy heated shores?
Oh! I have seen thee, o'er a western hill,
As mild as charity, with beams as soft,

As are thy sister's in the twilight thrown
O'er weary reapers, in their journey home.
Thou art the centre, heat, and light of all
Our planetary system, and thy beams
Flow through the boundless fields of space, and turn
Th' enormous star of Herschel, with the ease
A school-boy whips his top. But, in thy rays,
Our dazzled reason wanders and is lost.
We know a little, and the rest we own
In mute astonishment and solemn gaze.

E'en now methinks, on Inspiration's eye,
I see dark clouds, with edges dipt in flame,
Above th' horizon proudly thrown, and streams
Of circling glory, o'er their swelling sides,
Flowing away to tinge, with crimson hue,
The outer gates, and citadels of night.
O for a pencil, dashed in yon bright rills,
To paint each alt'ring shade! O for a thought,
In which the burnish'd picture might survive!

But why? Fresh clouds shall robe the setting sun.
Six thousand fleeting years have nearly passed,
Through which returning evening has renewed
Her charms; has caught the poet's phrensy'd eye;
Has thrown bright garments o'er her western skirts;
And eased Apollo of his fiery crown.
And shall defection now, in Nature's spite,
Seize on the spheres, and bid them change their course?
Ah no! this healthful and this steady globe,
Like a young giant, rises to its work,
And makes as cheerful music in its orb,
As in the vig'rous morning of its birth.
As twilight comes, the bat shall still perform
Its gyry flights, and drowsy swallows sing
A hymn of sleep to the reposing world.
And, then, the moon shall lift her crescent horns,
And bright-hair'd Venus glitter in the west.
While Mars, dim orb, and Jove, with dusky moons
First kenned on earth by Gallileo's eyes;
While mighty Saturn, whom Des Cartes has plac'd

On heaven's remotest whirlpool's awful verge,
Wheeling with tardy majesty along;
While all our planets and the countless suns,
To which conjecture travels up in vain,
For aye shall glitter on the robes of Night.

But, in yon starry fields, I oft have thought
The blessed souls of the redeemed in CHRIST
Their habitations have; where, unconfined
With every thing, that men material call,
Swifter than light, from star to star they fly.
Alike set free from sorrow and from pain,
Their pleasures must be intellectual all:
And charity, that bore them to the skies,
When faith and hope were swallowed up in bliss,
Must there direct and govern every breast.

Tell me, ye dead! is not your ceaseless work,
T'adore and imitate the GOD, who made
Your glorious habitations, and to search

With unabated zeal into the plans
Of Wisdom infinite. O happy life,
And happy spirits, whom no ills molest !
A few short years, and we shall all enjoy
This high, this full beatitude with you.
Brothers——Is this no phrensy of the soul?
Oh, yes! dear sister, I shall meet with thee.
The anguish, that my mother felt, and all
My father's tears, that wet thy early grave,
Shall then be quite forgotten in our joy.
Methinks I see thee, in yon distant star,
Astronomers the fair Arista call,
With all our humble kindred, bending down
To sing an anthem to the KING OF KINGS,
And, while imagination fills my ear
With angels' harmony, my eyes weep joy.
O! may this dear delusion oft possess
My soul——this little, visionary gleam return
To dissipate the clouds of human ills,
And gild my prospect into future bliss.

With Summer now, in pride of all her reign,
We seek the breathless wood, at heated noon;
Or catch the opaque gales, that come to kiss
The daisy, as it shuts its eye at eve,
Or wakes to drink the crystal floods of day.

Within the shadow of a southern hedge;
The mower hangs his scythe upon a bough
Of feath'ry larch. Exact, as is the sun
To climb the dizzy summit of his course,
His little daughter brings a clean repast,
Prepared by her, who shares his toil and bliss.
The prating beauty on his shoulders hangs;
Dangles the flexures of its father's hair,
And wakes a trembling pleasure in his veins.
Here is a lesson for the idle crowd,
Whose limbs are lax and weary with the toil
Of most laborious driv'ling! Round his head
He twines his tawny arms, and lays him down,
Possessed of all the luxury of rest.

Light is his heart, not many are his cares ;
His mind upon a level with his state ;
And if he never felt the throb of him,
Who wanders in the flowery paths of thought
With science and with poesy, he feels
No hooks of envy thrown into his soul ;
No shock electric, from the hand of pride,
To paralyze the body of research.

With all the elves of coolness and of heat,
The blackbird slumbers in his holly bower.
The tribe of rooks, o'er all the sun-burnt hills,
Scattered, as numberless as ocean's sands,
The embryo beetle from its mossy bed
In silence dig. The lesser choir, that sang
Sweet music to the blushes of the dawn,
From field to field the butterfly pursue ;
Hang on the full-grown thistle's downy plume ;
Or on the with'ring honors of the mead
Sit in luxurious banquet. Not a sigh,

Sobbed from the bosom of the weary winds,
Disturbs the fervid dancing of the air,
Or kisses, in its way, our burning cheeks.

'Tis luxury now the deeply shaded aisles
Of spruce to tread; or, on a mossy bank,
Beneath the cooling shadow of some elm,
In careless indolence, our limbs to throw.
Watching the gleams, that quiver through the boughs,
We sit in vain vacuity of thought;
Till, unperceived, upon the eye-lids fall
The dews of sleep, and visionary forms,
In splendid troops, come rushing on the mind,
Like genii, seraphim, or angels bless'd,
All from whose bodies, borne on swelling clouds,
Spears of fair gold in radiations flow.
Adversely laid upon a stream of light,
That heaves in swelling waves, perhaps a form,
Preeminent in power, their chosen prince,
Comes gently floating in the awful van;

And, while his refluent vesture, white as snow,
Waves o'er his shoulders, and his youthful loins,
Half-buried, lie upon their crimson bed,
Thus pours his song on Fancy's dreaming ear :
“ In regions far remote from this green world,
“ O mortal man, I oftentimes have been
“ With sages and with heroes, once the boast
“ And glory of your isle. They loved to tell,
“ Enraptured loved to tell, how FREEDOM'S shrine,
“ Still beauteous in their days, adorned the groves,
“ Where druids prayed, and where was heard the song
“ Of antient days, symphonious to the harp
“ Of bards, all o'er whose bosoms loosely flowed
“ The venerable marks of age. Their tales
“ Inflamed me with a strong desire to see
“ This land of valour; but, alas! I found
“ Its groves and hamlets laid in reeking heaps
“ Of ruin; and the bearded Roman sat
“ On Freedom's abdicated throne, and made
“ A footstool of the weeping native's neck.

“ These very hills, that just before had waved
“ With oak and pine coeval with the flood,
“ A joyless prospect offered to the eye
“ Of trees with cinder’d arms, and ground still black
“ With fire. The murm’ring brooks, that irrigate
“ These peaceful vallies, then were taught to wind
“ Yon hill around, within whose evening shade,
“ Vardulian troops, in old Severus’ reign,
“ Brandished their spears, and soldiers, fleshed in war,
“ On gloomy citadels were seen to walk.
“ Chagrined and disappointed, back I bore
“ The melancholy tidings. Since that time,
“ Full sixteen centuries now have rolled away,
“ And once again this variegated globe
“ I come to visit. Witness all ye host,
“ Attendant on my journies, and that love
“ With me the wonders of each world t’ explore,
“ How glorious from the wreck of tyranny;
“ The idle age of ignorance and pride,
“ This billow beaten isle displays its fields.

“ As in the primal ages of the earth,
“ On Libanon the mantling cedar rose;
“ Or various herbage, thick with blooming flowers,
“ By pleasant Jordan: so these healthful woods;
“ These sunny pastures and enclosures, dark
“ With earing corn, in youthful strength arise.
“ Long, O long! may happiness delight
“ To bless the tenants of this lovely spot.
“ May heaven’s sweet balm upon their heads be poured,
“ And angels, when they seek a better land,
“ To Abr’ham’s bosom bear them all away.”

How strange are dreams! with what amazing speed,
The mind can travel from the birth of time,
When all creation uttered songs of joy,
Down to the lowering mornings, when the flood
Shrieked with miserable groans of death!
But, slumb’ring or awake, the powers of thought
Run swifter, than the courier beams of day.
E’en from this fancy’d dream I raise my head,

And Autumn, touched with sickliness and woe,
And Ceres and Pomona, all arrayed
In vesture wan, and laden with the spoils
Of summer, march before me. O'er the skies
A wildness reigns; and winds ungenial sweep
The yellow hills. Profusely from her icy lips,
The length'ning Night a respiration throws
Of power, like subtle alkali, t' extract
The juices of the vegetable race.
And, clad in gaudy ruin, see! the woods
A melancholy grandeur now assume.
The beech is crimson, and a bloody garb
Invests the lime. Upon the poplar sits,
As on a virgin's cheek, despoiled of health,
A languid paleness; and the ash appears
Sick unto death. Each morning brings a change.
The oak, so lately of a joyful green,
Puts on a jaundic'd tinge; and soon the rage
Of all the furious demons of the north

Shall roar upon his sturdy arms, and drive
His tarnish'd honors into glens and caves.

Thus is the transitory life of man.
Youthful to-day, and blooming as the spring;
To-morrow—ardent, as a summer's noon,
And big with high conceits. Then grows his face
Sallow, as autumn; and his feeble knees
Together knock, till winter pull him down.

Winter! thou season of domestic bliss,
Terrible in tempests and enthroned in night,
Thy very storms to me are full of joy.
E'en the poor tenants of Laponia feel
A pleasure in thy reign; and, often as they hear
Destruction posting on the angry winds,
Yelling at ev'ry rock's opposing front,
And threat'ning vengeance to their blast-worn hills,
They gaze around their rude, but peaceful homes,
And bless their country for a shelt'ring roof.

Wanderer as I am, without a spot
In all this mighty world, where I could rest
My weary limbs, and claim it as my own;
Yet I have, sometimes, thought thy ev'ning hours
Flew with an envious and uncommon speed.
Oft, in my boyish years, long nights, I lent
A greedy ear to prophecies of war;
To tales of bloody clouds, and armies seen
In furious conflict in the fields of air;
Of local spirits, and the moonlight dance
Of fairies. When my breast began to pant
With love's sweet power, well pleas'd I saw the sun
Descend into the frozen chambers of the west,
And Darkness draw her curtains o'er the world.
Then the mild languishing of Beauty's eye,
Her minstrel hand or voice of melody,
Sweet as the warbling of the bird of night,
Entranced my soul. I never shall forget
The moment, when the idol of my love
Asked me the name of the resplendent star,

Which shines upon the borders of the robe,
That o'er Boötes waves. I could not draw
The little spangle from its center'd spot,
And lay it on her hand. Oh! how a tide
Of nameless transport flew along my veins.
The coward blood ran chilly to the heart;
And then, as if in madness, turned again
Along its heated channels. Of my cheek
Crimson and paleness, with alternate haste,
Possession took; my mingled sight and words
On my lips fluttered; and my languid knees
Together struck. Then, Winter, never gloom
Thy hours with horrors, darker than I've seen,
And I shall always love thee; always find
This glance of being worthy of my care.

Oft, while the god of storms forgets to rage,
And sky-enthroned Stillness waves her hand
O'er all the world, with solitary step
And folded arm, I tread some hedge's side,

That bids the sunbeams linger in its shade,
As steals their father through his shorten'd course,
And no dim vapour tarnishes the blue,
Illimitable canopy of heaven.

Borne upon pillars of unequal strength,
The stooping branches of the pine appear,
Like the white mountains, that in air are seen,
Portending thunder. All beneath is dark.
Glowing amidst their arm'd and varnish'd leaves,
That peep with healthy verdure from the snow,
The cluster'd berries of the holly seem
Like rubies, set in emeralds and hung
Upon a cloak of ermine. Scattered o'er
With crystals, lighter than the down of swans,
And more pellucid, than the filmy scales
Of purest talc, is every naked tree.
The rill, that all the summer long had tuned
Its mur'muring cadences with nicest care,
Is hushed and still as midnight. On its banks

Fantastic columns by their heads depend,
Or, shooting downwards to the marbled stream,
On pedestals, like alabaster, stand.
The willows and the hoary blades of grass
Form wreaths corinthian o'er their vitreous brows;
And rays of light, refracted from their sides,
Dance in a thousand hues before the sun.
Every casual stroke, that wounds the air,
Reechoes. But no blackbird's joyous song;
No warbling of the larks, or mellow lute
Of all the woodland choir delights the ear.
A sullen taciturnity the grove
Possesses; and in vain the feather'd boughs
Of laurel and syringa from the lake
Reflection woo; and the recoiling mind
Shudders at thought. But why, my soul, on death,
From this uncheerful, and this frigid view,
Turn with such trem'lous horror? Does the shroud,
That hides the shrivel'd and unsightly face
Of earth, remind thee of the robe, that soon

This moving miracle of flesh may clasp
In icy folds? or do yon branches, dry
And sapless, as a rod of iron, bring
To recollection tombs and charnel vaults,
Scattered with bones? I am a mortal man,
And always see some emblem of my state—
Some awful index pointing to the grave.
But then, O WHITE, the dismal view is cheered
With the bright prospect, which THE SON OF GOD
Has opened to the eye of Faith. 'Tis there,
The panting soul her native land descries;
And there, your much-lamented daughter waits
To hail her aged father to the shores
Of immortality and ceaseless spring.

Till that shall be, the evening of your life,
Upon the bosom of your family,
In quiet spend; and let me say—Enjoy
The woods and fields, the high and social bliss
Of your delightful spot. How short the time

Since no domestic joy, connubial love,
Or fond, parental tenderness was here;
No song of birds to hail the break of day;
No friendly intercourse 'twixt man and man;
No worshippers of God! In spring, 'twas drear;
In summer, profitless; and, as a thorn
Rolls to and fro, vexed by contending winds,
Or some huge porpoise, in a stormy night,
Gambols by moonshine on his restless hills,
The sportive ruler of the inverted year,
Tumbled and rolled upon the northern blast.
But, centered in a new creation now,
Your mansion seems of loveliness and youth
The fair abode. A tender mother sees,
With fond affection sparkling in her eye,
The children of your son, delighted, climb
Their father's knees and wanton in his arms.
From choristers innumerable rise
Well-modulated anthems to the doors
Of morning. Pity, too, whose visual orb

Floats on a tear, and Hospitality
These groves frequent. Up to the throne of grace,
On wings of charity, the fervent prayer
Is borne; and, through the stillness of the night,
The sounds of instrumental music creep
Into the list'ning ear. Some misery or grief
Is always poured into the cup of life;
But all the real pleasures, that adorn
Or cheer mortality, conspire to smooth
The path, that leads you to the unknown world.

Truce with the world, and all its feeble aids
T' arrive at happiness, which neither sits,
On grandeur's plume, on title's starry breast,
Or in the circle of a golden crown.
The highest pleasures, that belong to earth,
Frequent the noiseless dwellings, where our friends
At distance from the busy world reside.
Suspicion and formality ne'er cloud
The brows of men, that in retirement live.

'Tis there from rocks, and trees, and running streams
They gain instruction, while the soul matures
For lands of better prospect; while she learns
To subject sense unto the reas'ning power;
And feeds upon the never-cloying fruit,
Plucked from the sacred tree, which Jesus came
On earth to plant. They there can spend the day
In lab'ring for the benefit of man;
And cheer their winter evenings with delights,
That find as ready passage to the heart,
As the far louder revels of the town.

I never mixed, indeed, with public life,
And, therefore, may have formed a judgement false
Of its enormities and crimes. But, sure,
The voice, that bellows from our marts of trade,
Too well designates, that not all we hear
Of wantonness and robbery is false.
Proof is a stubborn thing, and proofs enow
Of foul dishonesty, and murder'd health

Are daily from these nurseries of vice,
Disgorged upon us. But their wounds are deep,
And we must touch them with a brother's hand.
Our fields bid welcome to th' unhappy sons
And daughters of delusion. Let them come.
In absence from their rioting and mirth,
Some gleam from heaven across their path may shine;
Some thought may smite the sinner's soft'ning heart,
And bring him back to virtue and to God.

'Tis said, the suburbs of a royal house
Are dens of wrong; the vilest spots on earth.
And I do well believe it. He, who keeps
Himself unfevered with the gen'ral plague,
That into ev'ry closet of a court
Its noxious breath insinuates, deserves
The gratitude of man. For kings do live
In air, so often visiting the lungs
And sable hearts of sycophants, that smile
On day's sweet eye, but daggers clutch at night,

That they should have an amulet to charm
Th' infection off; and resolution firm
As Britain's shores. Their ministers should be
Guileless as lambs, decisive as the storm,
That health and terror carries on its wing—
And so was PITT. Publicity, though like
The angel Innocence, descending through
Our cloudy atmosphere, would soon provoke
Derision's horrid grinnings and the yell
Of jealousy. But greedily to climb
To power, and fawn before a prince's feet,
Are neither marks of humbleness of mind,
Nor proofs the patriot burns within our breasts.
Ambition, cherished with a courtier's zeal,
Is but another name for all that's bad.
There have, we know, been statesmen wise and good,
Who from the darkness of their fellow peers
Shone more resplendent: prelates there have been,
Who penned the flock of CHRIST with care; and sat,
Watchful as serpents and as meek as doves,

Debating on their country's good. But then
The dizzy eminence, so many seek,
Changes the visual power, and makes them see,
Their fellow creatures, like a swarm of ants,
Creeping below. 'Tis dang'rous to be great.
Some solitary virtue may withstand
The blandishments of fashionable vice;
Some desart, insulated good may brave
The thousand billows, that are still afloat
Each gen'rous principle to overwhelm;
But does not Grace, indignant from the scenes
Of midnight revellings, her flight betake?
When Pleasure wantons on her rose-strewn bed,
And Vice, with soft lubricity of tongue,
Woos for her sister, it is hard to turn,
In virtuous anger, from their tempting smiles.
But, sure, t' avoid occasion is the part
Of wisdom; and to toil in rural life,
Is better far, than in the city's brawl
To lose our virtue and our quiet too.

There must, 'tis true, be men to turn the wheels—
The complicate machinery of state;
And give to commerce steadiness and strength.
But let those labour at the kingdom's helm,
Whose souls can resolutely look on wrong,
And say: 'I hate thee'. Let them toil in trade,
In whom no thirst the youthful bosom burns
To live in noble deeds through future times;
To whom no dower or patrimony comes
From wealthy sires. Our merchants are a race
Of glorious men; and, in good earnest, brave.
Not narrow and penurious like the wretch,
Whose miserable eyes and face, as hard,
As an unplaster'd wall, both want betrays,
And poverty of soul: but they are great—
The wonder and the talk of all the world.
Let commerce stagnate, and we soon should be
Reduced to impotence. The dread of want
Would make us fruitless; thin our crowded streets:
Our staples would be toys; our towns would shew

The tinsel semblance of their former wealth—
A low magnificence, replete with crimes.
And worst of all—where vigour braced an arm,
Dark Pride and Discontent would treason breed;
Hoist up Rebellion's standard, and exclaim:
' Down with the tyrants, that oppress the poor.'
Be kings dethroned, and from their courtier's breasts
The spangles of nobility be torn,
What would ensue? The same as if the earth,
The sun, and all the planetary world,
Confused, should wander through the fields of air.

But while I praise retirement, I condemn
The churlish pride, that like a winter's cloud
O'erhangs the brow of solitude. The fall
Of waters, and the craggy steep of hills,
That live among the clouds; the gentler voice
Of streams, meand'ring, through a vale of flowers;
And Sabbath morning, cheerful with the sounds
Of bells, that call us to the house of God,

Had always charms for me. But, then, I love
The social visit, and the hour of mirth;
The jocund song, t' exhilarate the soul;
The private dance, that braces sluggish limbs,
And wakes vivacity in ev'ry eye.

The proud misanthrope may abjure the bliss
Of friendship, and an habitation make
Where sea-birds join in chorus with the storm,
And never human voice, except the cries
Of drowning mariners, that vainly try
To touch his pity, ever strike the air.
The bigot, too, with discontented howl,
May curse the times we live in, and contrast
The manners of his fathers with the vice,
That now provokes his zeal: but kindness still
The human heart inhabits, and our arms
Are strong and brawny, as were those that fought
On Troy's embattled plains. Our London yet
Is not a Babylon in crimes; our forms

More dwarfish, than the bodies laid
In tombs Egyptian. Appetites the same,
As rioted in Adam's or in Noah's breast,
To evil or to good still urge us on.

We often grumble at the world's neglect,
And charge blind Fortune with a thousand ills,
We bring upon ourselves. But all the wants
Of life are few. 'Tis vanity and pride;
A love of indolence and furious joy,
That makes us poor. The life of man is short,
And it is scarcely worth our while to wish
Possessions, greater than our present means.
But, if my wishes could obtain their end,
For more than decent comfort for myself,
And something for a friend, they ne'er should roam.
I would not drive a vagrant from my door
With harshness, and forget his griefs. My time
Should be to social and domestic joys,
To study, but the most of all, bestowed

To honor my profession. We can scarce
Be happy in a meaner state; and more
Might only steel with tyranny our hands;
Pluck pity from our breasts, and in its place
A self sufficiency and pride instill.

Friendship alone to city and to shade
Can give the glowing charms, our ardent search
So greedily pursues. But, here, our choice
Should be determined with a care as great,
As is our love for virtue and ourselves.
I hate the principles of him, who earns
His bread by flattery, and whose supple neck
And visage of complying muscles, find
The courtier's smile or out-of-livery bow
For all occasions. Ill the sprightly song,
The harp, and sounds of gay festivity
Accord with him, upon whose lowering brow
Sit discontent and terrible revenge.
Of import direful the revengeful laugh;

The contumelious jest and scowl of pride,
Shall emblems be of charitable minds,
When guileless virgins, to the list'ning moon,
All night the preludes of a battle sing.
My friends should all be temperate, virtuous men,
To altars and to thrones obedient;
With minds not squeezed into the sordid space
Of vulgar thinking; not the filthy stews
Of lewdness; nor rebellion's gloomy dens.
I love the man, who's affable and just,
Who knows no sudden paroxysms of rage,
Or cuts my feelings with a bitter jest.
Could I with such, removed from fears of want,
A dwelling find, then, dear Retirement, hail!
With less than this, the city be my home.
Whatever scenery might adorn the spot,
Untrod, or scarcely trod, by human feet,
A desert it would seem. With solitude
We soon should be, as ignorant and wild
As they who wander in Cafreian woods.

'Tis social intercourse—a wish to please,
That drives the savage from the breast of man,
And love and pity naturalizes there.
In towns the multitude, together jammed,
And never-ceasing thirst for gold, create
Extortion, labour, lust. Man civiliz'd
The never-to-be-controul'd desire to live
In independence urges to pursue
The path to wealth. The idle, in their way,
Are seized by lassitude and die in want;
The ardent perish ere their wish be full;
Misfortune baffles some; the rest, at ease,
While Youth yet lingers in the arms of Age,
And there is lightning in the eye, their heads
On Friendship's bosom lay. A dignity,
Unblessed with leisure, I should call a curse;
But dignity and leisure, spent in toil
Congenial to our minds, are something like
Beatitude itself: But then this toil
Should always be to heighten and adorn

Society; the pilgrim's bleeding feet
To dress with balm; and, in our highest joy,
Excess to manacle with iron chains.

Adieu, dear WHITE, by Melancholy's side,
Through scenes, where Cheerfulness should lead the sons
Of Fancy, musing have I trod. My verse
Is mortal; and oblivion thick shall cloud
My mem'ry and my thoughts, when Spring shall dress
Your woods and meadows in a robe of green.

LONGOVICUM,

A VISION.

Scilicet et tempus veniet quum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

VIRG.

Georg. Lib. I.



LONGOVICUM*

A VISION.

WHEN Judgement on his awful seat
Enjoys, awhile, composure sweet,
And Reason yields to Fancy's power
The empire of the midnight hour,
You know, my Friend, the dreaming mind
Embodies things of strangest kind:

I 2

* LONGOVICUM. The Roman station, whose history has been attempted in this little poem, is situated near the village of Lanchester, in the county of Durham. From the present extent of its ruins, and the variety of curious inscriptions, coins, and sculptures, that have been dug from them, it is certain the place was once of considerable importance. But its history is so much involved in obscurity, and so many of the records of its antient strength and extension have perished with its less valuable remains, that its name is now disputed and its founder unknown.

Through heavenly fields it sometimes walks,
 And oft with saints and angels talks;
 It sees the fires, that hell illume,
 And flies through air on steady plume;
 In water wheels with pain it rides,
 Or tumbles down a cat'ract's sides.

Camden supposed it to be the Longovicum of the Notitia Imperii. His opinion was followed till Horsley endeavoured to prove, that Longovicum was the Roman name of Lancaster, and that the tenth iter, or rout of the Itinerary of Antonine, commenced at Lanchester. When the subject has met with due consideration, Camden's conjecture, we doubt not, will be preferred. The seven stations, preceding the stations on the wall, have the following order in the Notitia.

Lavatræ, Bowes.	Maglove, Greta-bridge.
Verteræ, Brugh.	Magis, Pier-bridge.
Braboniacum, Kirbythore.	Longovicum, Lanchester.
Derventio, Ebchester.	

Lavatræ, Verteræ and Braboniacum retain the same order, as in the second iter of Antoninus. In placing Maglove at Greta-bridge, and Magis at Pier-bridge, I have followed Horsley; and after these Longovicum and Derventio placed at Lanchester and Ebchester, seem in their natural order. Lanchester, in the Bolden buke and Bp. Hatfield's survey, is always written Langchestre; and it is evident that the Saxon *lang*, and the latin *longus*, are the same. Had the Saxons, contrary to their

Who, in sweet vision, ne'er beheld
Celestial forms in air upheld?
Who has not laid in Persian bow'rs,
By Hafiz' tomb, on beds of flowers?

usual manner, preserved this name entire, they would have wrote it Langwiccheſter. Ebcheſter is upon the river Derwent, and on that account has a ſtrong claim to the appellation Derventio. There indeed can be no doubt, but it was called Vindomora by the writer of the Itinerary; but in the long lapſe of time between the Antonines and Theodoſius the younger, when the Notitia Imperii is ſuppoſed to have been written, the original propriety of this name might be forgotten, and Derventio, the name of the river, on which the ſtation was ſituated, adopted as more appropriate.

To controvert the opinion of ſo able an antiquary as Horſley, may have the appearance of conceit; but with all due reſpect to his learning, and his labour, I muſt very much differ from him, in diſpoſing the tenth route of the Itinerary. Had he conſidered, that the road from Lancheſter to Mediolanum, or *Drayton* in Shropſhire, pointed out in the firſt and ſecond itinera, was much more direct, than that in his arrangement of the tenth iter, he certainly would never have ſuggeſted a way over two of the wildeſt ranges of mountains in Britain, in preference to one paſſing through ſome of its richeſt parts. From Lancheſter to Mediolanum, along Watling-Street, and by York, the traveller would ſet out with his face towards the place of his deſtination; by Old-Town, Whitley Caſtle, &c. he would tra-

Or, who, in dreams, has never trode
Some hall of kings the rich abode,
Where golden chandeliers displayed
A roof with dazzling amber laid,
And where Beauty, Love, and Pleasure
Danced to tunes of Lydian measure?

One night, 'twas dark, the wind was loud,
The moon obscured with darkest cloud;

vel for several miles with his back to it. That Old-Town, where Horsley disposes of the Galavia of this iter, was ever a Roman station, there has not yet been found either vestige or tradition; and, had a Roman way led between it and Lancaster, some traces of it must yet have been visible, over the still-uncultivated moors it would have crossed: but of such a thing there is no appearance. Whitley Castle, we are sure, was garrisoned by the Romans, and evident remains of the Maidenway, leading from it to Magna or Caervoran are still to be seen.

If this iter, like the first and second, had not its commencement within the wall, and passed not along the Maidenway by Magna, I know of no arrangement, agreeing so well with its distances, and the order of three of the Notitia stations as the following.

The brook was swoln and floods of rain
Came pouring from the heavens amain.

ITER X.

A GLANOVENTA MEDIOLANO m. p. CL.

It. Ant.	m. p.	Not. Imp.	Modern Name
Glonoventa		Glannibanta	Old Carlisle.
Galavia	xviii		Caer-mot.
Alione	xii	Alione	Keswick.
Galacum	xix		Amblefide.
Bremetonacis	xxvii	Bremetenracum	Overborough.
Coccio	xx		Ribchester.
Mancunio	xvii		Manchester.
Condate	xviii		near Northwich.
Mediolano	xviii		near Drayton.

The *Lineojugla* of the Anonymous writer of Ravenna, as well from the simlarity of the initial syllable, as from the place it occupies in his Corographia, seems to be the same as Lanchester.

VINDOLANDE is the Vindolana of the Not. Imp. and allowed to agree with Little-Chesters, the ninth station on the wall.

LINEOJUGLA, I take to be Lanchester, because the way from Vindolande to Vinovia passes by that station.

VINOVIA is Binchester.

LAVATRIS is Bowes.

By the slightest inspection it is evident, that some order is observed in the Corographia. From Valteris, or *Brugh*, it goes to Bereda, *Plumpton-Walls*; to Lugavallum, *Carlisle*; to Magnis,

Safe from the storm, in slumbers blest,
I felt the luxury of rest;

Caerboran; to Babaglanda, *Burdoswald*; to Vindolande, *Little-Chesters*; to Lineojugla, *Lanchester*; to Vinovia, *Binchester*; to Lavatris, *Borwes*, which was the next station to Brugh. It then proceeds to Cataractica, Eburacum, &c.

Baxter, in his glossary (vol. ii. p. 80.) thinks Lineojugla a corruption of Cindouigla, and derives it from *KIND VI UEGIL*, that is, *the neck of the principal water*. How this derivation is applicable to Chester-le-street, which he supposed to be the site of this town, I know not; but as Lanchester was seated on a kind of promontory, between the brooks Smallhope, and Browney, Cindouigla is a name, that may be applied to it with no great impropriety.

Could it be proved, that Longovicum, at the time when the *Corographia* was written, had been changed or corrupted into Lineojugla, both these appellations might be adopted, as antient names of Lanchester; should they be proved to be names of different places, it would be difficult to say whether has the preference; and should they both be rejected, as not belonging to Lanchester, the *Epiacum* of Ptolomy, from being the most northerly town of the *Brigantes*, and from its immediate position before the *Vinnovium* and *Caturracticonum* of that author, may assert its claims.

Curia and Brimenium (*Anton. Iter.* i. *Horf. Brit. Rom.* p. 243.) were towns of the *Otadeni* or Northumbrians. Farther south than these, are enumerated eight towns of the *Brigantes*; and though some of them are placed more than a degree west

When lo! transported from my bed,
Methought I laid my weary head

K

of others, it is pretty certain, they were all situated either upon, or very near Watling-street. In the following table the order of these towns, both as they stand in Ptolomy and the first iter of Antonine, is preserved.

Pto.	Long.	Lat.	Ant.
Epiacum	18° 30'	58° 30'	Vinovia Cataracton
Vinnovium	17 30	58 00	
Caturraetonium	20 00	58 00	
Calatum	19 00	57 30	Ifurium
Ifurium	20 00	57 40	
Rigodunum	18 00	57 30	
Olicana	19 00	57 30	Eburacum
Eboracum	20 00	57 20	

Ebchester, both from its proximity to the Tyne, and the opinion of Camden, has a stronger claim to Epiacum, than Lanchester. But, if it be agreed, that Lanchester, from its medial distance between Vinovia and Corstopitium, and from its bold, military situation, was likely to be built before Ebchester, we may fairly conjecture, that its name was Epiacum.

Glanoventa was not here: Langovicum and Lineojugla I consider as the same: and, as Ptolomy wrote his geography before the Romans had much destroyed the names of the British villages, this place might be called Epiacum in Hadrian's time;

Beneath a wall,* whose ruin'd brow
 Was shagged with many a thorny bough,
 On which the whistling north-wind played
 Such shrill, wild notes, that night, afraid,

but, in the reign of Theodosius the younger, have got the latin name Longovicum; and, in the barbarous age of the Corographia, be termed Lineojugla.

I have been assured by some of the oldest inhabitants of Lanchester, that, in the times of their fathers, their village was called LITTLE-BROUGH under *Byland Abbey*. This must have originated in some antient, monastic tenure. Byland (in latin, *Bellelanda*) is in Yorkshire; and was once famous for a monastery built and endowed by Roger Mowbray, an. 1143. (Gough's *Camd.* vol. iii. p. 84.) At present it is indiscriminately called the *Hibb Walls*, the *Broom-Laws*, and the *Roman Station*.

* The scene of this vision is supposed to lie about the middle of the south wall of the station. Within the last century, and in the memory of many people yet alive, the whole site of the station was overgrown with thorns, brambles, and hazels: But its irregular ruins have now for several years been levelled by the plough, and its area and the ground on the outside of its walls been usefully employed. It still however exhibits one of the most conspicuous remains of a Roman camp, now to be seen in South Britain. That many valuable antiques should be destroyed by the workmen, who prepared its site for agricultural purposes was to be expected; and, that its remains

Wept floods of tears, and o'er the sky,
Bid clouds of thickest darkness fly:
A chillness seized my shudd'ring frame,
And horror, such as none can name,
Stretched my painful eye-balls wide
And ev'ry power of utt'rance tied.

K 2

have for many ages continued to be removed for building the church, the village, the farm houses, the fences of the neighbouring inclosures, and even to be buried in the highways, is more than probable. It has often, indeed, been visited by very eminent antiquaries, especially by Dr. Hunter, and Mr Horsley, and several of its inscriptions and coins have met the eyes of the curious. But it is to be feared, many of these records of its history are irretrievably lost. The late proprietor of the farm at Hollingside remembered the spot when it was covered with fallen pillars, and while the towers of the wall were still visible. His dwelling house was in a great measure built from its remains; and the masons he employed, according to his own description, preferred the stones, that were carved to those that had been used for ordinary purposes. "*The grave-stones, that were a' covered wi' letters, made excellent throughs.*" One stone, in particular, he affirmed made a yard of wall; and had a beautiful female figure, cut on the side, the masons turned inwards. This figure is said to be in the west gable.

But soon a form, divinely fair,
With flowing robe and braided hair,
Came on a cloud, whose milky hue
Was tinged with shades of clearest blue.
Her feet were shod with crystal light,
Her shoulders decked with wings of white,

From the number of hearths, (similar to those of our smitheries) which were found in clearing away the ruins, the same person supposed the Romans had been a tribe of smiths. But the hearths the Romans used, as well for culinary purposes, as for smelting and forging metals, were all built after the same manner. *Caminus* and *focus* seem to have been indiscriminately used for each other; and both from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and also from the silence of all antient authors, respecting any thing analogous to our chimnies, that part of architecture was evidently unknown to the Romans. Their kitchens had a hole in the roof, through which the smoke was emitted; but at great entertainments, when larger fires than ordinary were required, it made its way through the windows. Their other apartments were warmed by brazier or fire-pans, placed upon tripods; or by conducting heat from hypocausta, along the walls, in concealed pipes.

To have suffered a mass of ruins to cover a tract of rich ground, especially in times such as we have lately seen, would have been wrong. But to suffer them to be turned over without once considering whether they were antient or modern;

Her neck was like a marble tower,
Her eyes were filled with mildest power,
And, as her lily fingers ran
Across her harp, she thus began.

“ The storm has brawled itself to rest
And sinks to sleep on Quiet’s breast.

to destroy a tombstone, an altar, or some inscribed column, with the same stupid attention to labour, that a mass of rock is broken in a quarry, if it be not culpable, it is something we contemplate with more abhorrence. Such want of taste and indiscriminate destruction the antiquary must forever lament. But what has been, will be; and, till all men feel the same reverence for things that are antient, the monuments of former ages will meet with their destroyers. Grandeur, that has outlived the turbulence of invasion and rebellion, of ignorance and prejudice, must expect to be overturned. This we may lament. But the very source of our sorrow, is the fountain of our pleasure. Were all men zealous for the preservation of antiquities, things, that are old, would be no longer scarce, and therefore incurious. Roman and papal ruins engage our attention, not because we have any regard for tyranny or superstition, but because remoteness has buried their history in uncertainty. Our avidity, in these matters, always increases as perfect evidence is removed; and whatever eludes our investigation, rouses our curiosity and heightens our veneration.

Along the soft empyrean way,
Paved with many a starry ray,
The beauteous forms of Fancy's dream
Come sliding down each speary beam :
Genii,—fays with feet of gold
And robes that float in lightest fold,

While I resided at Lanchester, I not unfrequently met with fragments of altars, hand-mills, mortars and other curiosities, in the field walls, and the walls of the cottages and farm houses; but was never fortunate enough to be gratified with a new inscription. Two of the votive altars, I found, had the figures of toads cut upon them, a third had a patera and urceolus on its sides, and a fourth, though neatly hewn, was without any emblematic representation. The altars, on which toads were cut, I suppose to have been used in incantations. We know the Romans made use of the toad in magic rites, (Hor. *Epo.* iv. 5. *Juv. Sat.* i. 7. iii. 45. vi. 658.) and have the authority of Mela (*Lib.* iii. cap. 2.) and Pliny, (*Hist. Nat.* xxx. 1.) that the British, especially their Druidesses, were greatly addicted to divination. Diodorus Siculus, also relates, that, in their anxiety to discover future events, they inspected the entrails of victims; (*Lib.* 5. cap. 35.) and it should seem doubtful whether any of these Sibyllæ could say with Juvenal, *ranarum viscera nunquam inspexi*.

The upper stone of the querns or handmills, found at this station, are made of a very porous freestone: the under stone

Leave yon moon, their blest abode,
 To wanton down their silver road.
 Some to ruin'd castles fly,
 Where floods of moonshine gild the high
 And crumbling towers, whose ivy hair
 Trembles in the passing air;

is generally of petrosilicious lava, a substance not met with in its native state in Britain, but still in use in our corn mills.

The quern is a very antient machine. In the Jewish law (Deut. xxiv. 6.) it was forbidden, that any person should take as a pledge רֶחֱים וְרֶכֶב "the nether or the upper millstone; for in so doing he taketh away the life": a forcible conclusion, for to deprive a family of its mill, was to take away the means of preparing their grain for food. Bruce speaks of the hand-mill, as a part of the household furniture of every family in Abyssinia.

The following quotation from Virgil's Moretum, is descriptive of the manner of grinding corn with the quern. A clown, at the call of hunger, is introduced as rising before break of day, and

standing at his mill,
with arm all bare and body girt around
with skin of shaggy goat, the lamp he sets
upon th' accustomed spot: then sweeps the flints,
and cleans their wooden lap. Each hand to work
impatient flies. The left is minister;

Some o'er mead, through wood, and lawn,
 Gambol till the grey-ey'd dawn;
 In sprightliest dances some are seen
 Tripping o'er the village green;
 While some with fix'd and sober eye,
 Lonely musing, love to lie

the right performs the labourer's arduous part.

*This drives in constant gyres the flying orb,
 from whose swift stroke the bruised grain descends
 in copious stream; and with a sister's love
 the left, in turn, the heavy toil resumes.
 Sometimes his labour with a rural song
 and homely voice he sweetens: sometimes calls
 on Cybele; &c.*

*The whirling labour done, the meal is thrown
 into the cleansing sieve. The eddying husk
 skims on the surface, while the snowy flower
 falls in a drift of purest white below.*

The fragments of querns, found here, every way agree with the accounts Dr. Shaw and Neibhur give of the hand mills of Algiers and Arabia. In general, the upper stone is a hemisphere, with a funnel perpendicularly through the centre to admit the grain, and a horizontal hole in its side, in which to fix a handle. In one, the upper stone was thin, had a kind of

Where antient oaks and ashes grey
Their odd, fantastic roots display,
Along the river's rocky side,
And hear the murm'ring waters glide.

But deeper strike, thou awful lyre,
While mystic times thy sounds require,
When druid priests, in stole of white,
And beards, like streams of sunny light,

L

bason on its top for the reception of the corn, and its under surface concave. Its fellow had a corresponding convexity, and a brim (within which to admit the catillus) raised about an inch, and interrupted with a lip, through which the meal descended.

The employment of grinding with the quern is, in all eastern countries, esteemed laborious and servile. It is generally performed about break of day and by female slaves. "In all the east, when one goes out in the morning one hears every where the noise of mills." (See Parkhurst's Heb. Lex. pgg. 681, 684. oct. edit. Buxtorf's pg. 734.) Moses mentions the maid servant behind the mill; St. Luke has a prophecy about two women grinding at a mill; and Homer, before that beautiful prediction of the destruction of Penelope's suitors, says:

In procession, grave and slow,
 Sought the sacred mistletoe;
 And here, embosomed round in shade,
 Of oldest oak and darkness made,
 Performed their mystic rites, and taught
 A lore perplexed with strangest thought.

Hail, ye holy, scepter'd race,
 That once upon this favoured place,*

Ten female slaves the gifts of Ceres grind.

* * * * *

One maid, unequal to the task assigned,

Still turned the toilsome mill with anxious mind.

POPE.

But laborious as this employment may be, it seems to have always been accompanied with cheerfulness. Virgil's clown grinds and sings; Atheneus quotes a passage from Aristophanes, where the songs of the grinders are mentioned; and Dr. Shaw notices this custom as common amongst the women of the Bedouin tribes. See Shaw's Travels, pg. 297. Oxford fol. edit. 1738.

* This poem has, perhaps, more of fiction than of truth; but wherever any truth analogous to the subject could be pro-

In long and bright succession, saw
Your altar, throne, and seat of law;
And trained the pictur'd native's mind
To tempers of intrepid kind;
And deep imbued it with the rules
Of antient Egypt's mystic schools;
How oft, at close and break of day,
I saw you take your harps and play,
On bended knees, with lifted eyes,
A hymn, that warbled through the skies!
How oft I saw, in shielded pride,
Your warrior subjects boldly guide
The lofty-breathing stead, whose car
Sublimely rushed to deeds of war!

L 2

cured the author availed himself of it. To introduce the antient Britons, it was supposed would give both uniformity and variety to the whole; but there is no authority to assert, that this was a druidical grove. For a history of the Druids, see Henry's Hist. of Eng. vols. i. and ii.

But, while faint gleams of moonlight strayed
Within your temple's dark'ning shade,
I saw you lift the horrid knife
To take a struggling virgin's life;
I saw you bare her breast, and bind
Her lily hands with cords behind;
And, when her feet were stained with gore,
And eyes for mercy ceased t' implore,
Her corpse on burning billets lay,
While up her snowy soul, away
To regions, sister angels bore,
Where death and pain are felt no more.
But Mercy's self, though lenient long,
At length upraised th' avenging thong;
For while at evening hour you prayed,
And on dread Taran's* altar laid

* Taran signifies *thunder*. This god is represented as of a gloomy and inexorable nature. He was only to be appeased by human sacrifices:

Your supplicating hands, unseen
 A Roman cohort, on whose mien
 Terror sat, possessed with rage,
 Silent came, and, ere of age
 The feeble knee from earth could rise,
 Amazement filled your closing eyes.
 Then, ever faithful to your hearts,
 With you deceased the druid arts;
 And flames, that vengeful whirlwinds drove,
 Devoured your blood polluted grove.

O mighty warrior, ever dear!
 Who shall tell what love and fear—
 What deeds of glory and of fame
 Sounded in thy awful name?
 No Roman eagles here had spread
 Their wings—no Britons here had bled

Et quibus immitis placatur fanguine diro
 Teutates, horrensque feris altaribus Hefus
 Et TARANIS Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ.

LUC. LIB. 1.

By spears of strangers, till thy arms
Filled our forests with alarms.
The blows of Cæsar's* javelin shook
Our island to its farthest nook;
Affrighted Mona† shrieked aloud,
When fierce Paulinus all her crowd
Of bards and seers, exulting view'd,
Laid in garments rolled in blood;
And, through ev'ry British clan,
Electric terror wildly ran,

* Cæsar was the discoverer, not the conqueror of Britain: *potest videri ostendisse posteris, non tradidisse*. After his death, to the reign of Claudius, it was excluded from the Roman empire. This Augustus, and especially Tiberius, called reasons of state. Claudius, with the assistance of his general Vespasian, reduced the southern parts of it into a province. *Tac. Agric. Vit.*

† This island was the grand seat of the druidical hierarchy, and was considered by Paulinus as administering continual succours to the rebellions of the Britons. He had scarce conquered it, when he was called to quell an insurrection, headed by Voadicea, a woman of royal extraction and enterprising spirit. The slaughter of her army was immense; and to avoid falling into the hands of her enemy, she put an end to her existence by poison. *Ibid.*

When Horror raised his dismal yell,
As the female's army fell.
We heard, from Cambria's rocky shore,
Thy trumpets on the mountains roar :
As distant thunder lowly growls,
And strengthens, as it nearer rolls,
The clangour loud, and louder grew,
Till in Brigantian* woods it threw
Its volleys round, and virgins fair,
And mothers with dishevel'd hair,
As from the hunters fly the deer,
Before thee fled with looks of fear.
Where Cheviot's lofty summits lie
On the green borders of the sky,

* Cerealis made a slight attack upon the forests of the Brigantes; but their northern parts were first penetrated and conquered by Agricola. After subduing South Wales, his march was directed northwards. Terror was always before him: behind him a conquered people, and a country covered with towns and castles. Ibid.

I saw the sportive sunbeams play
On fields of bronze at early day:
And, when they sank in northern skies,
And sleep o'ercame thy soldiers' eyes,
Reflected bright, from burning hills
Of oak and pine, a thousand rills
Of crimson overflowed the road,
Where have the bears their cold abode.
'Twas then the Forth and rapid Clyde,
Saw castles strong, and forts divide
A vanquish'd people and a race,
That dared to look in Danger's face;
And singly (stubborn as their soil)
Of Rome defy the power and toil.
Then, too, o'er ocean's conquer'd tide,
The furrowing keel was seen to ride;
And ships, displaying horrent arms,
In Thule and Jura spread alarms.
But, oh! what horror gloomed the hour,
When hot Revolt and restless Power

Led on the vengeance-breathing hordes
 Of Scotia, armed with mighty swords.
 Red was the morn, that saw thy car
 Out to the Grampians rush to war ;
 Dread was the roar of arms at noon,
 And loud the groans, that hailed the moon.
 Down Earne's proud stream was thickly rolled
 Helmets, swords, and bodies cold ;
 And many a limb, and spear, and shield,
 Were scattered over Ardoch's field.*
 The few, that from the battle fled,
 By grief, despair, and fury led,
 Their wives and children slew, to save
 From chains, that load the toiling slave ;
 Their houses burned, and thought they saw
 In every hiding place a foe.†

M

* *Paffim arma, et corpora, et laceri artus, et cruenta humus.*
Tac. Agric. Vit.

† *Britanni palentes mixtoque virorum mulierumque ploratu,*
trahere vulneratos, vocare integros, deferere domos, ac per iram

Dear Warrior, to thy awful shade,
 While evening glooms these hills invade,
 Let me peaceful requiems sing,
 And strike this harp's melodious string.
 By thee this sacred spot* was crowned
 With massive walls and high-raised mound;

ultra incendere: eligere latebras et statim relinquere: miscere invicem consilia aliqua, dein sperare: aliquando frangi aspectu pignorum suorum, sæpius concitari. fatisque constabat sævisse quosdam in conjuges ac liberos, tamquam misererentur. Tac. Agric. Vit. ed. Elziv. 1634.

* According to Tacitus many camps were formed in the northern parts of Britain, by Agricola; and that Lanchester was one of them is not so certain as probable. That general in his third campaign advanced as far as the Tweed, securing the country, as he went along, with strong fortifications; and the same author particularly remarks, that it was an observation among men skilled in military tactics, that he always disposed of them in the properest situations. "No castle, that Agricola built, was ever sacked by the strength of an enemy; or deserted by flight or capitulation." The ground to this camp rises on every side, but the west; which is overlooked by a lofty hill, commanding a prospect from the Cheviots on the north, to the Yorkshire mountains on the south. From the station itself, the outline is formed in some places at the distance of a mile, at others of four.

Dark tow'rs besieging foes defied,
And gloomy gate-ways frowned with pride;
A temple rose on columns fair,
And fragrant altars filled the air
With sweet perfumes. In murmurs low,
The distant streams were taught to flow

M 2

Its form is a parallelogram; the length of the vallum or wall, from east to west, being one hundred and eighty-three yards, and its breadth, from north to south, one hundred and forty three yards. Like all Roman camps, it had a gate in the middle of every side, from which were streets, traversing each other at right angles at the centre. Of the east and west gate and the street leading between them, there are yet evident traces. The corners of the wall were round and guarded with towers. The vallum itself was eight feet thick at the foundation, gradually decreasing by parallel steps from the surface of the inside to four feet at the top. It was strengthened on the west by a fosse: the other sides had the advantage, in case of a siege, of the sloping of the hill.

The Pretorium was situated near the north gate; and evident vestiges of it are still remaining. It has indeed been ploughed over, and is now covered with luxuriant herbage; but this is owing to an accumulation of soil upon its ruins, not to a total erasure of its foundations.

This place was one of those camps called in latin *Castra*

Around high forts; and Culture's hand
With rich luxuriance clothed the land.

Where now the green turf heaves so high
The ruins of a palace lie,
Beneath whose roof I've often seen
British and Roman chiefs convène;

stativa, where the troops were quartered in peaceable times. At first they were erected for the convenience and defence of the legions; but, as the inhabitants of the conquered countries became reconciled to their new masters, they deserted their villages and sought the society and protection of the soldiery.

The surprising speed, with which the Romans completed these erections, was always a matter of astonishment to the countries through which they led their armies. Josephus says, that their camps, which were never intended for more than ordinary purposes, were built with as much regularity and strength; with as much attention to elegance and convenience, as if they had been intended for residences for life. Their soldiers were all artificers; they employed their prisoners, and the peasants of the countries, they subdued, in clearing the ground where their fortifications were to be erected, and in making roads, not only from one rampart to another, but from the quarries and forests from which they drew their materials for building. *Bella. Jud. Lib. 3.*

Heard the sweet lyre to songs of love
Fire all the soul, the passions move ;
By turns bid each enraptur'd guest
Be with grief or joy possessed.
But now no more, alas! I hear
Joys thrilling voice salute my ear;

The stone for this place has been brought from a hill, about a mile east of Lanchester. In the brook opposite the church of Lanchester, and through the church yard, at more than three feet beneath the surface, I have seen a paved way, which might lead from the quarry to the camp. From the quantity of uncalcined limestone yet remaining here, it strengthens the probability, that the mortar used in buildings of this kind underwent all its preparations at the place it was wanted, and that it was used in its caustic state.

When a part of the north side of the vallum was removed, at about thirty yards from the east corner, the workmen met with a cell, formed by six large, tessellated stones, and filled with the bones of some animal. From the appearance of the skulls, the person, who gave me this information, supposed they were the bones of oxen. Might not these be the remains of some sacrifice of dedication, deposited here when the foundation of the camp was laid?

Watling-street is as visible, as on the day it was made, on the hill westward of Hamstalls, and at Heugh. It may be traced through a field belonging to Sir T. Clavering, called

No more the social goblet flows
Grief t' assuage, or banish woes;
But deadly silence, still and low,
Loves around my haunts to go.

the Porter's Dale, over the high grounds towards Ebchester; and from thence to the Tyne. In some places it is paved; in others formed by a high ridge of earth, covered with gravel; and in general it has a ditch on each side. These roads, on account of their elevation, were called *higbways* by the Saxons.

On the edge of this road, about a mile north of the station, and near a farm-house called Low-wood side, the foundations of a small, circular building were ploughed up about thirty years since. In its area a great number of hollow-headed, copper nails; a clawed hammer of rude workmanship; and several other antiques, were found buried in ashes, resembling those of a smith's furnace.

Besides Watling-street, another road, called Wrecken-dyke, led from this station, by Maiden-law, Urpeth, Kibbleworth, and over Gateshead-fell, to Westoe, a village on the south banks of the Tyne.

Though several deep wells have been found near the walls, and the garrison here could be supplied with fine water from two open springs, at less than fifty paces from the east and south walls, the Romans were not to be contented without something like a stream, flowing through their camp. The traces of two aqueducts, each at least two miles long, are standing proofs of their industry. These have a circuitous di-

While Nerva o'er the empire swayed
Revolt oft shook her flaming blade ;
Grim Danger wandered o'er our isle,
And every face forgot to smile :
Dark troops of natives, fierce and fell,
Poured from the woods with hideous yell ;
The morning, then, was bright with spears,
And evening wet with widows tears.

rection on each side of Umber-hill. That on the south has its source in the Rippon-burn, and is conspicuous in Mr White's woods, and on the lower side of the Wolfingham road, between Colpey-hill and Hollingside. The north channel makes a north-west angle in the fields above Newbiggen; and diverging towards Upper-houses one way, and to Mr White's woods the other, terminates at a spring, the stream of which is now employed in turning Knitchley mill. This branch is easier to trace, than the other, especially through the uncultivated ground, and at its head, where a mound of earth has been thrown up to obtain a level. Mr White has re-opened a part of it, and employs it in conveying water to his fish-ponds. The reservoir for both channels was in the field, opposite the south-west corner of the vallum.

With Trajan peace our country blest,
And science lived in every breast.
Blind Mæon's song, and Maro's fire,
Would oft th' untutor'd chiefs inspire,
While the warm lays of Flaccus taught
The luxury of am'rous thought.

Then Hadrian, wand'ring, brave, and bold,
Patient alike in heat and cold,
From Egypt's thirsty sands, to where
The Grampians tower in chilly air,
Bare-headed roamed, and blessed and cheered
A people, who him loved and feared.

In holy Antoninus' reign,
The still-rebelling Picts again,
By Urbicus, in slaughter vast,
O'er Scotia's hills in heaps were cast.*

* Per legatos suos plurima bella gessit. Nam et Britannos per Lollium Urbicum legatum vicit, alio muro cespititio submotis barbaris ducto; &c. Hist. August. de Ant. Pio.

To where old ocean's billows roar
 On Caledonia's farthest shore,
 Severus* marched with toil and rage
 Rebellion's furious heat t' assuage;

N

* Though no positive evidence has yet appeared to justify the supposition, that the three altars, on which are the following inscriptions, were made under the reign of either Severus or Caracalla, yet the evidence in favor of such a supposition is strong.



Υπερ σωτηριας Τιτος Φλαυς Τιτιανος Χιλιαρχος. Brit. Rom.
 P. 293.

Æsculapio Titus Flavius Titianus tribunus votum solvit libentissime merito. Ibid.

The stone bearing these inscriptions was discovered by Horsley. Contrary to the general mode, it is inscribed both on the back and front. A Roman author, speaking of Britain,

From sea to sea, yon hills along,
Reared a wall with ramparts strong ;

says it was *clara Græcis et nostris monumentis*; but this and “ the famous altar at Corbridge,” dedicated to Hercules, are “ the only instances of the Greek character used in such inscriptions in Britain.” *Ibid.*



*Jovi optimo maximo vexillatio cohortis
Vardulorum civium Romanorum equitum mill.
v. s. l. m.*

This altar also was found by Horsley, “ in the corner of a close belonging to Nicholas Greenwell.” Like the other, it is too much mutilated to find out its true reading; but enough is left to shew that it was dedicated to Jupiter by a cohort of Vardulian cavalry. *Rom. Brit.* p. 294. Both these altars were in the possession of the late sir Ashton Lever.

NVM. AVG. ET
GEN. COH. II.
VARDVLLORVM.
C.R.EQ. N. SVB.AN
TISTIO. ADVEN
TO.LEG.AVG. PRRR.
F.TITIANVS. TRIB

* * * R

*Numeni Augusti et genio cohortis secundæ
Vardullorum civium Romanorum equitum
mill. sub Antistio Advento, Legato
Augusti præpatore, F. Titianus tribunus
dat dedicatque rite.*

Dr. Hunter first noticed this altar in a letter to Roger Gale, “ dated 17 May, 1735.” It was found “ within the antient

And left to roam in space more wide
A race that Roman arms defied.

"Twas then that Fingal, Morven's king,
In Odin's halls heard Ossian sing,

N 2

fortification, having its base broken off, and the initial letters of the two last lines." It is yet at Greencroft, and its inscription is very legible.

All these altars appear to be of the same date, from the mention of either the tribune Titianus or the Vardulians. This Titianus might possibly be the same as one, that was Procurator of Alexandria, and whom Caracalla put to death with one of his favorites called Theocritus. Ο Θεοκριτος συχινους δια τε ταυτα και αλλως απικτεινε, μεθ'ων και Τιτιανος Φλαβιος εφρονευθη· επιτροπειων γαρ εν τη Αλεξανδρεια, &c. Dion. Epit. Ziphil. p. 336. ed. R. Steph. an 1551.

The Varduli were a people of Spain, and are mentioned by Mila and Pliny. L. iii. c. 3. l. v. c. 29. Their names are also found in three inscriptions, belonging to Riechefter in Northumberland, one of which is dedicated to M. AVRELIVS SEVERVS ANTONINVS; and another to the God of the Sun for the health and the safety of the emperor M. AVRELIVS ANTONINVS. They appear to have been a part of the twentieth legion, which, from the following inscription,

How Carun's stream with blood was died,
 And, o'er the fields of all his pride,
 From valour's host, the bloody van,
 How Caracul affrighted ran.

as well as from those belonging to Gordian's time, was either wholly or in part occasionally quartered here.



The boar on the above sculpture was meant to represent the Caledonians. This animal was a formidable enemy in the woods of Britain. There is at Stanhope an altar dedicated to the Sylvan God, on account of a boar *eximæ formæ captum*; and as the taker of it says: *quem multi antecessores ejus prædari non potuerunt*. Gough's *Camd.* vol. iii. pgg. 116, 246. and pl. xx. fig. 5.

The twentieth legion came into Britain with Claudius, and its vexillation was a part of the army of Paulinus, when he conquered Boadicea. Its head quarters were generally at Diva or Westchester. It is supposed to have been recalled about the beginning of the fifth century, as the *Notitia Imperii* has not mentioned it. Henry's *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 261.

But thou, mild youth, what strains shall tell,
 How, all at once, with sudden swell,
 A tide of splendour, from thy throne,
 Burst away and round us shone?
 Then each tower, by time grown hoary,*
 Beamed again with brighter glory.

* If it cannot be asserted, that Agricola was the founder of this place, we are sure it rose with an accession of splendour under the auspices of the unfortunate Gordian.

The principal buildings, within the walls, were the *armamentaria et principia*, the rebuilding of which is recorded on a stone, bearing the following inscription, and now in the Dean and Chapter's library in Durham.

IMP. CÆSAR. M. ANTONIVS
 GORDIANVS. P. F. AVG.
 PRINCIPIA. ET. ARMAMEN
 TARIA. CONLAPSA. RESTITV
 IT. PER. MECILIVM. FVSCVM. LEG.
 AVG. PRPR. CVRANTE. M. AVR.
 QVIRINO. PR. COH. I. L. GOR.

When Gordian was emperor, and M. Fuscus lieutenant governor of Britain, these barracks and magazines, which had fallen into decay, were repaired by A. Quirinus, prefect of the first cohort of the Gordian legion.

The infantry, which composed a Roman legion were of four kinds, called *velites*, *hastati*, *principes et triarii*. The *princi-*

Without the walls, on pillars tall,
 Majestic rose a judgment hall;
 And crystal rills were seen to glide
 Beneath a bath of arched pride.

pia included the repository of the eagles, and the quarters of the principes. The armamentaria were military depots, or magazines for arms.

Dr. Hunter and Mr Gale first published their remarks on this, and the following inscription, in the philosophical transactions for a. d. 1717.

IMP. CÆS. M. ANT. GORDIA
 NUS. P. F. AUG. BALNEUM. CUM.
 BASILICA. E. SOLO. INSTRUXIT.
 PER EGN. LUCILIANUM. LEG. AUG.
 PRPR. CURANTE. M AUR.
 QUIRINO. PR. COH. I. L. GOR.

The emperor Gordian, by his legate Egnatius Lucilianus, and under the inspection of A. Quirinus, prefect of the first cohort of the Gordian legion, built this bath and basilic.

The basilicæ were first courts of justice and places where merchants met to transact business: they were under one roof, the justice rooms and the exchanges of the present day. When christianity received the protection of the emperors they were converted into churches.

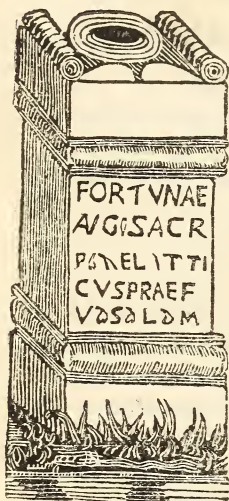
That the bath stood adjoining the basilic is evident, both from its remains being discovered where the inscription was found, and from their being mentioned on one stone. They

The soldier's toil was then his sport,
And towers of ornament each fort;
Secure the shepherd penned his fold,
And autumn waved with fields of gold;
High soared the lark with sprightly lay
To wake the blushing hours of day;
The air no sounds of rudeness smote
To stop the thrush's evening note;

were situated near the south east corner of the vallum. Every trace of the bath is now obliterated, except certain large masses of its flooring, built up in the neighbouring fences. The floor was supported by pillars, distant from each other about a yard, and resting on a substance, apparently metallic. The angles of four square stones met upon each of these pillars, and had their upper surface plastered to the depth of four inches, with a mixture of lime, limestone, pebbles, and fragments of brick. This composition is extremely hard; has a rocky appearance, not unfamiliar to granite; and, in some parts, seems to have undergone a kind of vitrefaction. Beneath these pillars, a second range were found resting on stiff clay, and with the space between them filled up with rubbish.

The only room of this building, whose dimensions could be ascertained, was about four yards square. Its walls were plastered with a substance similar to its flooring, and the following altar was found at its east end.

And sad and melancholy doves
Then unmolested told their loves.



Fortunæ Augusti sacrum Publius Ælius Atticus præfectus votum solvit libentissime merito. Hutch. Durb. vol. ii. pg. 360.

An altar dedicated to fortune was also found in one of the rooms of a bath at Netherby: and an inscription, discovered at that place, in 1734, mentions the erection of a “*basilicam equestrem exercitatoriam*,” a kind of riding-school, in the reign of Alexander Severus about a. d. 227. This and the three preceding monuments are in the Dean and Chapter’s library, in Durham.

C. N,
IMP. M. ANT.
GORDIANO
PIO FELICI
AVG.

Cæsari nostro imperatori Marco Antonio Gordiano, pio, felici, augusto.

This inscription is on a mile-pillar now used as a gate-post, on the north side of the

lane, leading from the village of Lanchester to the station. A pillar similarly inscribed was also found at Naworth in Cumberland, and is now in the museum at Rookeby Park, near Bernard-Castle.

Besides the antiquities hitherto enumerated, the ruins of this place have afforded many others; but, as it may be thought irrelevant in a work of this nature to enter into a detail of

Oh! days of peace, without a foe,
 Remembered but to swell my woe,
 How shall I turn to backward times
 Of slothful ease and foulest crimes,

O

niceties, I shall content myself with mentioning such as cannot well be passed over, or have not yet been noticed.

GENIO. PRAETORI. *Genio Prætori Claudius Epaphro-*
 CL. EPAPHRODITVS. *ditus Claudianus tribunus cohortis se-*
 CLAUDIANVS. *cundæ Lingonum votum libens posuit*
 TRIBVNVS. COH. *merito.*
 II. LING. V.L. P.M.

The stone, from which this inscription was taken, has the appearance of once having been the base of a pillar, and is now in the Dean and Chap. Lib. in Durham. The Lingones were a people inhabiting the country about Langres in Champagne.

DEO *Deo Silvano Marcus Didius provincia-*
 SILVANO *lis beneficiarius consulis v. f. ll. m.*
 MARCVS DIDIVS *This inscription is from a plain, mural*
 PROVINCIALIS *altar, given by captain Geo. Ormsby to*
 BF. COS. *W. T. Greenwell, Esq. of the Ford.*
 V.S. LL. M.

Similar dedications to the silvan god have frequently been met with in this country. Vide Reinesii Syntag. pgg. 138, 141, 148. Gough's Camd. vol. iii. pgg. 117, 159.

D... *This is from an altar now in a museum at*
 VICTORIE *Keswick. The inscription is partly obliterated,*
 VOT *and the true reading not easily discoverable.*
 S V L M

When Roman youths, of war afraid,
On Pleasure's lap inglorious laid!
And Treason's horrid steel was red
With royal blood at midnight shed!

In addition to the sculptures without inscriptions, noticed by Horsley and Hutchinson, may be placed the figure of a priest pouring a libation upon an altar preparatory to a sacrifice. He has a torch in his left hand, in his right a bottle, and on each side of the altar is represented the rude figure of a lamb. This is in the garden of Mary Brown, in Lanchester.

Though many coins have been found here, only a very few of them have been taken notice of, or found their way into the cabinets of the curious. The account of the first of the following coins is taken from the Newcastle Chronicle, for Dec. 29, 1787, and of the five others from the same paper, under the date April 19, 1788. Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10, were communicated to me by a friend; Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14, are in the possession of W. T. Greenwell, Esq.; and Nos. 15 and 16, of captain Geo. Ornsby.

1. Silver. Obv. IMP. ANTONINVS PIVS AVG. a laureated head. Rev. LIBERALITAS AVG. III. A female figure; in her left hand a cornucopia, in her right a tessera, and a star before her head. Eliagabalus.

2. Silver. Obv. IMP. C. M. AVR. ALEXAND. AVG. a laureated head. Rev. PIETAS AVG. and piety before an altar.

As when a storm, in northern skies,
 By slow degrees, is seen to rise,
 And, then, by sudden whirlwinds borne,
 Devastive, sweeps o'er fields of corn;

O 2

3. Silver. Obv. IVLIA MAES. AVG. a female head. Rev. SAECVLI FELICITAS. A flolated figure at an altar, in her right hand a patera, in her left an hasta et caduceum, and near her head the star of deification. This lady was the wife of Julius Avitus and the grandmother of Eliagabalus. For an account of her, see the Hist. of the Rom. Empreſſes, by De Serviez vol ii. 240. iii. 18.

4. Silver. Obv. IMP. ANTONINVS AVG. a laureated head. Rev. VICTORIA AVG. a gradiant figure with laurel in its right hand, and a palm in its left.

5. Silver. Obv. SALL. BARBIA. ORBIANA AVG. a radiated female head. Rev. CONCORDIA AVG. the figure ſitting, in its right hand a patera, in its left a cornucopia and a ſtar. All that is known of this empreſs is from medals. Her firſt name was Saluſtia, and ſhe was the third wife of Alexander Severus. See De Serv. Hiſt. of the Rom. Empreſſes, vol. iii. p. 69.

6. Copper. Obv. IMP. C. VICTORINVS. P. F. AVG. a radiated head. Rev. PIETAS. The figure nearly like No. 2.

7. Obv. CAES. NER. TRAIAN. OPTIMO. AVG. GER. a laureated head. Rev. P. M. T. P. C. VI. P. P. S. P. Q. R. The figure holds in its right hand a balance, in its left a palm.

E'en so the savage tribes, that long,
 From north to south, in countless throng,
 Had o'er the empire's farthest bounds
 Waved their swords and laughed at wounds,

8. Obv. P. SEPT. GETA. PIVS. AVG. * *. a laureated head. Rev. * * * *. A stolated figure, with a bough in its right hand, in its left a spear, and behind it the spoils of victory.

9. Obv. IMP. ANTONINVS PIVS AVG. a laureated head. Rev. LIBERTAS AVG. Eliagabalus.

10. Copper. Obv. IMP. CONSTANTINVS AVG. a fine laureated head. Rev. SOLI INVICTO COMITI. A beautiful figure of Apollo, holding in his right hand a lamp, in his left a globe, and with five rays around his head. Under his feet is TPR, under his right hand T, and under his left F.

11. Silver. Obv. ANTONINVS. PIVS. AVG. a laureated head and no beard. Rev. FELICITAS AVGG. A stolated figure, in its right hand a caduceum, in its left a cornucopia. Caracalla.

12. Silver. Obv. Legend obliterated, a laureated head. Rev. PROVID. DEOR. COS. I. The figure of Providence, with a sun before it. Eliagabalus.

13. Copper. Obv. IMP. N.D. MAGNENTIVS AVG. a plain head. Rev. FELICITAS REIPVBLICE. A male figure, holding in its right hand a victory, in its left a military eagle. Beneath its feet is TRP and under its left hand A. Several coins of this usurper were found in the old piers of Newcastle

Burst from their old and tangled woods,
 With force, like Hecla's burning floods,
 And, all-resistless, bore away
 Cities and armies in the fray.

bridge, when it was repaired in 1779. He flourished about a. d. 351. After ill success in battle ad Lugdunum gladio sibi latus aperuit. Pomp. Lat.

14 Copper. Obv. * * * CLAVDIANVS * *. a radiated head. Rev. * TV * * *. a female helmeted; in her right hand a laurel, in her left a spear.

15. Copper. Obv. IMP. C. POSTVMVS. P. F. AVG. a radiated head. Rev. IA. O. IVST. M. AVG. The figure holds in its right hand a balance, in its left a cornucopia.

16. Copper. Obv. * POSTVM *, a radiated head. Rev. * * * a stag with its head reverted.

With these should be mentioned a large bead of jet and a copper fibula, in the possession of Mr Greenwell; the cover of the communion cup at Lanchester, which is of silver, and was found anno, 1571; and a gold plate in the Dean and Chapter's library in Durham, bearing this inscription.

"The cover of the communion cup at Whigmore, c. of Hereford, exactly resembles this D (at Lanchester) and has on it the date, 1571." Gough's Camd. vol. 3. pg. 122.

MAR-TI
 AVG
 AVFIDI D
 VSAVFI
 DIANVS

But never let my tale unfold
What history's page has darkly told;†
What civic feuds our isle disgraced,
And ev'ry work of art defaced;

† That the history of this place, and of the greatest part of the times, through which it existed, is not more circumstantially recorded perhaps ought not to be lamented. The annals of barbarous nations and barbarous ages are generally the recital of a series of cruelties. They have little variety, and that little is only in the exhibition of different degrees of ferocity.

From the Notitia, and several antient inscriptions it appears, that British troops were scattered over the face of the whole Roman empire. Continually weakened by conscriptions raised among the flower of its inhabitants; and finally deserted by the Romans, Britain must have fallen an easy prey to the still fierce and independent Caledonians, had not immediate succour been obtained from the Saxons, a people bred up to war, and ready to seize every opportunity of carrying on their profession; especially in a country, more genial and fertile than their own. After suppressing the inroads of the northern barbarians, and finding the country and climate better than that they had left, they seized the reins of power and soon reduced England into seven (or, as some argue, into eight) petty kingdoms. The inhabitants were obliged to take shelter amongst the mountains of Wales, where, till the present time, they have continued, though a conquered, a separate people.

With respect to his Saxon auxiliaries, Vortigern was guilty

How Odin's altar reeked with gore
And festive Yuul delighted Thor;
How Rapine, still engaged in broil,
Awoke th' adventrous sons of Spoil:

of remarkable impolicy. He put them in possession of the garrisons on Severus's wall, and the coasts of Kent, the strongest holds of his nation. Of this imprudence they took the advantage, and wrested his sceptre from his hand. He himself was an usurper: and the faith of nations, at that time, was no way remarkable for stability. The only preservative of peace was equability of power; and, even in that state, kingdoms looked upon each other with jealousy. They considered superiority as a kind of natural right for dominion; and shewed little of either mercy or ceremony in plundering their neighbours.

From the Saxons originated our language, our laws, and many of our most antient customs. These in succeeding times were variously modified, especially at the time of the Norman conquest; but, to this day, our familiar conversation is still a dialect of the antient Teutonic, of which so much is still preserved, that the provincial tongue of most of the northern counties bears a strong affinity to the languages of Holland, Germany, and Sweden, languages so originally and entirely different from the Welch, that their roots have seldom any similarity. Dr. Johnson observes, that "it has been conjectured, that, when the Saxons seized this country, they suffered the Britons to live among them in a state of vassalage, employ-

From Cimbrian woods, profusely poured,
Came many a rude, invading horde;
The Saxon skilled in elfin lore;
And Dane with beard bestained with gore.

ed in the culture of the ground, and other laborious and ignoble services. But it is scarcely possible, that a nation, however depressed, should have been mixed with another, in considerable numbers, without some communication of their tongue; and therefore, it may, with great reason, be imagined, that those, who were not sheltered by the mountains, perished by the sword."

This too may serve to shew why so little of Roman refinement descended to posterity in Britain; and why so many of the labours of that people were overturned. Those, who had obtained their manners, were driven to barren and inhospitable mountains, to which, from necessity, their dispositions soon became reconciled, and their habits assimilated.

The new possessors of the country, esteeming war as honourable, and peace only fit for the dalliance of effeminacy, were always, by their civil commotions, at a great distance from civilization, and strangers to arts and commerce. They had neither wealth to procure luxury, nor leisure to study refinement. Their roads from neglect became bad or impassable; and only such places were inhabited, as were suitable to present convenience. As long as Watling-street continued to be frequented, the station of Lanchester might preserve some of its importance. Edward the first, in his pursuit of Robert

Oh! then, around this lov'd abode,
Troops of banditti proudly rode;
And oft at midnight, while a lamp,
Through the buildings, dark and damp,
Shed a trembling, gleaming ray,
The whisker'd sons of Plunder, gay,
Caroused in barb'rous mirth, and sang
Till all the falling ruins rang.

At last, when weeds and briers had made
With oaks, a dark and tangled shade;
When daws, still noisy, hovered round
The towers with clust'ring ivy crowned;

P

Bruce undoubtedly led his army along it to the Tyne; (Froissart vol. i. xviii.) and the army of David Bruce after the battle of Nevil cross, availed themselves of it in their retreat. When Durham became the residence of the relicks of St. Cuthbert, and Newcastle began to swarm with monks, this road was neglected, and commercial interests have since prevented its being repaired.

In the first Edward's glorious reign
Arose from hence yon sacred fane; *
And hamlet brown, that sits in pride
The valley's queen, and smiling bride.

Surviving still the wreck of age,
Barbaric hands, and civic rage,

* The present church of Lanchester was made prebendal in 1283, and rebuilt upon the occasion. When it was first erected, I have seen no account. The Saxon crosses, built up in the



walls of the tower, prove the existence of a church in the place previous to the year abovementioned; and, that the whole of the present building has been erected from the ruins of the station, there cannot be the least doubt.

It is more than thirteen centuries since the Romans left the island, and more than five since the ruins of this place were partly removed; of its intermediate state nothing can be

Some marks of antient glory live,
And what remains can pleasure give.
These hoary walls to me are dear,
These fruitful fields I still revere.
I feel a pensive joy when spring
And silent-footed evening fling

P 2

known. From the red ashes of the basilic and the adjoining buildings, it is certain they suffered by fire.

While I am writing, I shall add a few remarks on the heaps of iron scoria, which lie scattered over the hills of this parish: but would not have it supposed from thence, that I conclude they were formed by the Romans.

We need not wonder at the rudeness of former ages, when modern navigators have visited countries, to which the commonest metals were unknown, and whose canoes were hollowed by fire or by flints. Arts have been progressive towards perfection—oftener discovered by some lucky accident, than by the efforts of invention or the labours of study.

The oldest historians we are acquainted with mention gold, silver, and lead, with a familiarity, which shews they were general in their times. See Homer and the Scriptures *passim*.

Lucretius's conjecture, (Lib. 5.) that the burning of forests lead to the discovery of metals, is both ingenious and probable.

Around of dews the cooling showers,
 And copious stores of fragrant flowers.
 Now where these little beauties fold
 Their eyelids, formed of tender gold,
 And tears, like liquid diamonds, flow
 On all their verdant robes below,

————— *Iron, copper, and gold were found;
 silver of massive weight, and powerful lead,
 when forests dark, on lofty mountains, felt
 the force of fire: whether from lightning's flame
 or kindled to alarm some threat'ning foe.*

* * * * *

*Whatever was the cause, why roaring flames,
 horrid and loud, through woods devouring went,
 and scorched the earth, forced by th' enormous heat,
 down into cavities, the melted mass
 ran from the glowing veins, and formed a sea,
 glittering and smooth, that solid soon became.*

Elevated situations have always been chosen as the most convenient for smelting metals. When I say always, I only mean previous to the use of machinery in this art. Large hills of slag are found on the mountains of Macedonia, supposed to have been formed in the time of Philip, the father of Alexander. The Peruvians smelt their ores on high grounds; and it is not much above a century since *wind-furnaces* were common in Derbyshire.

Many a soldier born in Spain,
In Gaul, or Dacia's fair domain,
Who found no friend to close his eyes,
Unhonoured, unremembered lies.

That the Romans had mines in this country appears from the pigs of lead dug up in Derbyshire. One found in 1766, has this inscription in relief: IMP. CÆS. HADRIANI. AVG. MEI. LVI, importing that it was the property of the emperor Hadrian; another found at Matlock, is thus inscribed: TI. CL. TR. LVT. RR. EXARG. abbreviations not easy to decypher.

The slag of iron, and other metals, has frequently been wrought over by the moderns with considerable advantage—a proof of the superiority of furnaces, forced by water-bellows, over the old method of smelting in the open air. Watson's Chem. Essays, vol. iii. Essay viii.

Agricola, one of the oldest mineralists, notices the employment of mills in this art, as a thing common in his time. His work on metals was published in 1530. Bockler's theatre of machines, translated from the german into latin, and printed at Cologne in 1672, has a plan (fig. lxiix. p. 25.) of a mola-pneustica, or bellows-mill.

The knowledge of mining in England was very confined till the Germans were permitted and encouraged to settle here for that purpose. In Camden's time, they had extensive works in the neighbourhood of Kewick. Mag. Brit. vol. 1, p. 370.

The iron-stone, which has been smelted in this parish, has been dug from pits, which retain the name *DELFF*. To *delve* is

But, ever glist'ning o'er their grave,*
 The elves of night their wings shall wave,
 And ruminating herds and sheep,
 And harmless lambs upon them sleep.

If Roman arms no longer shine
 O'er walls, that haughty ramparts line,
 Our island's Genius soothes the ire
 Of Faction, fierce with eyes of fire;
 And, while lovely Freedom reigns
 O'er Power despotic held in chains,

to dig. Nuclei indeed of this metal are plentifully scattered over the hills, and to be found in great quantities in the sand-beds of the brooks, in the neighbourhood of Lanchester.

* Except the tumulus at Maiden-law, and the fragment of a tombstone found in a field near the station in 1805, and on
 ... O VL N ... which was the adjoining, mu-
 ADRC R ... tilated inscription, I have heard
 IX ... X ... IVI ..
 of no sepulchral discoveries in this neighbourhood. *Mæden*
law, in the Saxon language, signifies *the hill of the virgin*, or *the*
Virgin's tomb.

Internal Peace, with sweet caresses,
All her happy people blesses.

O Britain, may thy rocky shore
Ne'er echo with invasion's roar;
Brave may thy sons forever be,
And hold the empire of the sea!

But darkly through the gloom of years
In garments torn with rage appears——”

Abrupt she ceased; and, waving high
Her golden harp, resought the sky.

With various fears and transports tost,
And all in deepest wonder lost,
Whether a real scene I viewed
Or feasted on ideal food,

Doubtful, awhile, my senses strayed,
Alike delighted and afraid;
But soon the groaning voice of night
Called Fancy from her airy flight,
And Reason waked, well pleased to find
My head protected from the wind.

ODES.

Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum.

HOR.



ODE 1.

TO THE WESTWINDS.

WHITHER, ye timid zephyrs, have you flown,

Ye people of the westwind, tell me where

 You stretch your aromatic wings,

 And in what gardens of the sun,

 At morning, breathe

Your pleasant coldness? Have you southward fled

With spring to linger on the breezy shores

 Of Ebro, or the olive's leaf

 To paint with everlasting green

 On Tajo's banks?

Perhaps, you sport upon the golden sands

Of Niger, and, in heat meridian, dip

 Your wings upon Anzico's plains;

 Or, in the cocoa-vestur'd isles,

 Beyond the line,

Kiss the young plantain, and to dance and song
The simple natives call. O! ministers

Of health and medicines, that cure
The soul with sickness, woe begone—

O! back return,

And brace my languid limbs, and on my cheek,
With hands benevolent, your crimson lay:

Come, and repair the dreadful waste,
Committed by the ruffian tribe,
That rule the north.

From the fair pastures of the bright-horn'd bull
Descending, on the orient shafts of day,

A thousand sylphs of heat are come
To strew your grassy road with flowers,
And bid you hail.

Already has the primrose decked for you
Her fragrant palaces, and wide unfolds

Their vestibule with yellow doors.
The purple-spotted orchis, too,
Prepares his halls

Of curious workmanship, where you may spend

Your festal mornings, or, beneath the gloom

Of solitary midnight, rest

In caves, that azure crystal seem

To eyes like yours.

Come, in the globe-flower's golden laver, wash

Your little hands with dew-drops, and in seas

Of evening tears, upon the leaves

Of alchemilla, gently plunge

Your beauteous limbs.

Will you not sip the woodruff's od'rous lymph

And banquet on th' ambrosia it affords?

Will you not in the wortle* sit,

And luscious nectar drink beneath

Its ruby dome?

O! you shall revel on Eliza's lip,

Madden with rapture on its coral bloom,

* *Vaccinium myrtillus*, *Billberry* or *Bleaberry*. The stamina of this shrub form a very beautiful dome.

And, in her gentle eye, behold
The infant softness of your forms
Reflected bright.

Come then, O genial winds, and in your way
Visit the fairest fountains of the sky;
And, in the hollow of your hands,
Bring each a precious drop to cheer
Returning spring.

ODE 2.

TO THE REV. J. COWPER.

(HOR. LIB. II. XIV.)

How frail, dear Cowper, is the life of man!
How swiftly does it hasten to decay!
How vain our efforts to retard
The revolutions of the year!
No tears or prayers can stop the wheels of time;
No eloquence avert the blow of death.
Age clips the well-fledg'd wings of love,
And hangs its frost on beauty's brow.

Where are the saints, that have escaped the grave?

The heroes, from whose mail the fatal dart,

Blunted and ineffective fell?

Where is the philosophic sage,

Who has outlived the idiots of his time?

And where the patriots, and the men of power,

Whose policy, or solemn nod,

The king of terror has disarmed?

Newton is dead, the pious Lowth no more;

And, in an awful hour, Trafalgar saw

The robe of Nelson wet with gore.

Thy shade, O Pitt, to heav'n is gone,

And thine, Cornwallis, to a happy clime.

All, that are born of woman—all, that feed

On earthly fruit, must pass the gulph,

That none have ever passed again.

Our country, friends, and lovers must be left;

The throb of pleasure in our bosoms cooled;

And we, to those who dig our graves,

Be just as if we ne'er had been.

ODE 3.

TO THE REV. J. COWPER.

MAN is immortal, and the thirst,
Unquench'd by ev'ry earthly draught,
For happiness, that burns his breast,

O Cowper, proves

Th' unwasting essence of the soul.

Why do the zephyrs wake the seeds

Of slumbering violets, and bid

The oak assume

Its kingly honours? Why, at morn,

Does the fair handmaid of the day

Unfold her everlasting doors

Of ruby blaze,

And yoke unto her father's car

His neighing steeds? And why with care,

Performed with such unerring skill,

Does yon pale orb

Increase and wane? And shall the mind,
That reasons now on future things,
Sink in the darkness of the grave,
And cease to be?

It is not so! Beyond this earth,
A shore there is, whose blooming flowers,
In inextinguishable light,
Their fragrance breathe:

Where no rough flints our feet shall bruise,
No thorns our angel flesh shall tear,
No wicked men intrude to vex

Our high-wrought joys
But where unfading wreaths of bliss
Shall bind our brows, and songs of praise
Resound to Him, who bid the soul,
For ever live.

ODE 4.

TO A BEE.

LITTLE, humming, toiling bee,
Type of care, from care yet free,
Anxious not an hour to waste,
Tell me, whither dost thou haste.
Scarce the breath of rose-lip'd morn
Whispers through that dewy thorn;
Silence still withholds her flight
After lazy-footed Night;
And no lark, with chearful lay,
Wakes the hours of slumb'ring day :
But thou com'st, on wings of toil,
The lily's snowy bell to spoil;
And, from its beauteous locks, to steal
Precious loads of yellow meal.

Harmless plunderer, speed thee well,
Work and fill thy curious cell;
Men, who rob, of life despoil;
But thou, with never-ceasing toil,
Com'st, at late and early hour,
To steal the sweets, but spare the flower.

ODE 5.

TO A LADY.

SEE, Eliza, how that rill,
Restless, wand'ring from the hill,
Never tired, or ever dry,
Turning, winding, passes by.
Listen to its murm'ring sound,
Gently whispered all around;
Hear how echo, from her cell,
Babbles every idle swell.

Sober evening, o'er the sky,
Casts a robe of curious die;

Tyrian purple, ruby red,
All its western walls o'erspread ;
On dark'ning towers, and mountains tall,
Showers of feeble sunbeams fall ;
The rills of moonlight, on the clouds,
Seem like thin, translucent shrouds ;
And many a glory-circled star
Paves a way for Cynthia's car.

In yon pines, in saddest wail,
Turtles tell a love-sick tale ;
And a blackbird plies its lay
On yon alder's dark'ning spray.

Dear Eliza, as that rill
Never wearies or is still,
So our God will never cease
On the good to shed his peace.
As he clothes the heavens with light,
And gems with stars the robe of night,

He will throw, from Mercy's seat,
A ray to guide our erring feet.

Let us, then, with souls of love,
Like yon blackbird and yon dove,
Up to him, each evening, raise
Hymns of gratitude and praise.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE.	LINE.	
10	11	<i>for laid read lay</i>
17	17	— least <i>r.</i> lest
31	15	<i>dele so</i>
37	2	<i>for infinite. read infinite?</i>
43	16	— with miserable <i>r.</i> with the miserable
47	10	— sight <i>r.</i> sighs
58	7	— courtier's <i>r.</i> courtiers'
63	8	— pusue <i>r.</i> pursue
75	2	— Bid <i>r.</i> Bade
99	4	— Odin's <i>r.</i> Selma's

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